Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE ISSUES AT STAKE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

TWO written documents are before the country awaiting its judgment. Both purport to be solemn contracts with the American people. Each asserts that, if the necessary power is accorded, certain lines of public policy, domestic and foreign, will be followed out in practice. In this sense each is a bid for popular acceptance as against the other. It is a serious moment for this nation, whose whole future is involved in the decision to be rendered.

Regarded merely as documents, the platforms of the Republican and the Democratic parties do not reveal their full significance. As every person of experience knows, the value of a contract does not depend merely upon the vigor of its language, the pretentions of its signers, or the fact that it promises to deliver the commodities in question, but far more upon the permanent worth of the service to be rendered, and most of all upon the integrity and responsibility of those who make the engagement.

So widely separated are the elements of promise and performance, that many of our fellow-citizens have come to believe in good faith that, no matter what a political platform contains, there is no solid ground of assurance that its promises will be kept. Political platforms, from this point of view, have no relation to future performance. They are to these persons merely the ingenious inventions of office-seekers designed for the sole purpose of securing votes.

An unqualified admission of the truth of this accusa-

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tion would be equivalent to the total nullification of the party system of government. In recent years many things have been urged against that system, many new devices have been proposed to take its place. More sober thought, however recalls us to the fact that it is only through the actions of political parties that public opinion has ever won any victory, and forewarns us that the abolition of parties would destroy the only practicable means of giving effect to individual convictions.

In choosing between political parties, therefore, our first duty is to fix the responsibility for a failure to fulfill its pledges. Clearly only the offenders should suffer from this imputation. The question is simply one of fact and can be answered by history. Before such an accusation can fairly be made general it should be determined which political parties have failed to redeem their platform pledges.

So far as I am able to recall, no charge of this nature has ever been brought against the Republican party. Without exception, it has honored its promises by performance.

Unhappily this cannot be said of the Democratic party. Not only has it openly abandoned positions taken with the purpose of obtaining votes of endorsement, but it has resorted to casuistry to excuse its fault. By one of those subtle distinctions with which honest minds have been so often baffled in recent years the true character of a political platform has been openly denatured. To the public it naturally appears to be a contract to pursue certain courses if the party is entrusted with power. "Not at all," says the casuist. The statements which the public takes for promises are not really such, but only "declarations" regarding a way of looking at things! They are not engagements. They are only points of view!

This manner of regarding political platforms was frankly expressed and boldly justified by President Wilson, and has been accepted by his followers and supporters. After his first election he not only entirely ignored the obligation to act upon the plank in the Democratic Platform of 1912, declaring against more than one term in the presidency, but thwarted any action by Congress to embody that declaration in law, and promptly began to prepare for securing a second term. In reply to the criticism that

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the party was disregarding its platform, Mr. Wilson gave out the oracular announcement that "A *platform* is not a *programme*"!

Like the President's famous distinction between a "moral" and a "legal" obligation, this position has been accepted by the Democratic party and embodied in its practice.

It is not untimely, when considering the subject of party platforms, to recall the President's almost forgotten address to Congress of December 2, 1913, in which he said: "I suggest that conventions for the purpose of adopting a platform should consist, not of delegates chosen for this single purpose, but of the nominees for Congress, the nominees for vacant seats in the Senate of the United States, the Senators whose terms have not yet closed, the national committees, and the candidates for the presidency themselves."

What was the purpose of that message to Congress? It was offered at a time when there was no occasion to speak of party platforms, except to frame some excuse for not regarding the platform of 1912 as a programme of action. In that message Mr. Wilson himself explains the purpose of his novel proposal to be, "that platforms may be framed by those responsible to the people for carrying them into effect"; that is, by public officials. The platform of 1912 was not so framed. Therefore, he would have us infer, that platform did not impose the obligations of a promised programme. To give a platform that character, it would be necessary that it should be framed by those who were to carry it into effect!

We have seen the fruit of this theory, that government should be conducted by office-holders and office-seekers, without regard to platforms framed by "delegates chosen for this single purpose"! We have also incidentally learned how completely Mr. Wilson intended that this official hierarchy should be dominated by its head. In this respect at least the President has fulfilled his heart's desire. There have been recalcitrants; but, politically speaking, where are they to-day? We are not surprised, therefore, to be assured, after these years of party discipline, that "the President had a strangle hold on the San Francisco convention."

In consequence, we are now in possession of an alleged

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Democratic platform confessedly dictated as the President prescribed in his message of 1913. That platform has been framed, as the President considers it should be, by those who hold and those who are seeking public office; and, confessedly, it has resulted in a compromise between them, made with the intention of securing the greatest possible number of votes. As for party principles or convictions, it cannot be pretended that these have exerted any influence.

The forces effecting this compromise have been actuated by conflicting political interests. Speaking in general terms, these have consisted of the interests of those already in office, who desire to defend to the utmost the existing Administration, and the interests of those who are seeking office, who shrink from accepting responsibility for the positions taken and the acts performed under the personal domination of the President. The convention at San Francisco has been thereby divided into two opposing camps,—composed respectively of those who see no hope for the party, which they realize must be judged by its performance, unless that performance is defended, and those who see no hope for it without promises that the course of the Administration will be abandoned. Although the platform of 1920 has been produced according to the President's own prescription in 1913, the results are not what Mr. Wilson intended. He had hoped to dominate the situation without division. He has found that his power, though sufficient to control, has not been sufficient to command. Of one thing we may be certain, the platform as presented does not embody the views of those who in 1912, and again in 1916, elected Mr. Wilson to the presidency. By every test, it is, and is designed to be, equivocal. In so far as it is only a " platform," in Mr. Wilson's sense of the word, the ambiguity is of no importance. If, however, it is really a " programme " actually to be carried out, it will create large defections in the Democratic party.

As for the Democratic Platform of 1912, that has been so long forgotten that even a third term in the presidency has during the late convention been under serious contemplation, with the frank admission by the faithful that the only impediment to the party's support of it is the physical incapacity of the President to sustain the rôle of a candidate. The platform of 1912 was, confessedly, not a " programme "; neither was that of 1916, with its slogan, " He

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kept us out of war." There is in Mr. Wilson's theory of government by officials a flexibility that renders all documents superfluous; for, if the programme of action is to be, as he desires, wholly in the hands of officialdom, it matters little whether it frames its policies before or after election, or how often it changes its mind. Under these circumstances, it is extremely difficult to describe with accuracy in any detail the precise conflict of issues in the present political campaign. This difficulty, resulting from the lack of coherence and continuity in Democratic policies, serves, however, to mark out in bold relief the real antagonism between the two parties. This consists fundamentally in the opposition between constitutional and representative government on the one side, and personal and administrative government on the other.

In two words: the main issue, reappearing in varied forms, between the two party platforms is: Constitutionalism *versus* Wilsonism.

The platforms and purposes of the two parties cannot be properly interpreted without taking into account the manner and the spirit in which they were framed. It is this larger lesson which the thoughtful voter will seek to learn.

The extent to which personality has displaced principles and bitten into the entire mentality of the present-day protagonists of Democracy is well illustrated in the preposterous assumptions which characterize the key-note speech of Chairman Cummings in opening the convention at San Francisco. In that long, and rapturously applauded discourse there is no mention of any fundamental principle of government and no reference to any feature of American institutional life. So far as the Republic is concerned, it might as well have been without a history and without any basic institutions or essential character. A fulsome eulogy of the President; a rhapsodical panegyric of the Democratic party; a recital of the results of "the great progressive programme outlined in our platform of 1912," to which the President denies the qualities of a programme altogether; a boast of the achievements of the war, into which the party was forced without the slightest preparation, notwithstanding three years of warning, as the triumph of the Democratic party alone; utter ingratitude for the service of Republicans, who according to the

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election returns of 1918 constitute a considerable majority of the nation; a rebuke of all criticism as originating in malice toward the President and jealousy of his success as a peace-maker;—this is the substance of what the Chairman has to say of the nation's political problems and the people's needs. The only positive proposal of this keynote manifesto, which was dictated and approved at Washington, is the merging of the United States in an imperial syndicate of irresponsible Great Powers, ruled by a supergovernment in which the beneficiaries of the system predominate. Because the majority of the Senators of the United States have refused to give their advice and consent to this unauthorized engagement by the President, made in opposition to the previously known advice of a number of Senators sufficient to defeat it, they are now accused of "selling the honor of America." "No blacker crime against civilization," runs this bitter indictment of a co-ordinate branch of the treaty-making power, "has ever soiled the pages of our history."

This virulent attack upon the very structure of our Government, in which one of its most vital safeguards is assaulted, is without precedent in American politics. When we calmly inquire what has induced this hysterical denunciation of a majority of the Senate of the United States, including twenty-three Democratic Senators, we find that it was imperatively decreed at Washington, and that members of the Administration wholly subject to the will of the President were charged to see that this keynote was clearly sounded, while those who were known to be opposed were excluded from the convention and deprived of an opportunity to express their dissent or defend their participation in this alleged blackest of all crimes.

Let no one be deceived regarding this apparent Democratic passion for the League of Nations, the provisions of which no Democrat before the Wilsonian control of the party would ever for a moment have accepted. It is Wilson, not the rejection of the League, that has caused this outburst of denunciation against the action of the Senate. It is a desperate attempt to sustain purely personal as against strictly constitutional government. The party has yielded so long to this imperious will that nothing can be discussed by it on its own merits.

Two conflicting conceptions of government are thus

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brought into opposition. One is the historical American system, as defined in the Constitution of the United States, in which merely personal decisions are subordinated to legislative and judicial action. The other conception is based on the supremacy of personal official control and the regulation of the national life by administrative agents. Rendered necessary in war, this personal control is ill adapted to the conditions of peace. It presents an open door for the acquisition of offices and largesses, and is susceptible of influence by political expediency. Every attempt to terminate the war powers of the President has been thwarted by the Executive. A new feudalism of national proportions has thus come into being, and numerous groups of men, profiting and expecting to profit by the centralization of the powers of government in the hands of the Executive, oppose a return to the restrictions of a constitutional régime, and are determined that this dynasty of unregulated power shall not die.

So far as the world's peace is concerned, ultimately, when the American people are fully enlightened on the subject of international affairs, this nation will take its rightful and honorable place in the counsels and responsibilities of the free nations of the world. The question now is whether or not this nation is to remain free. If it is to be so, this supremacy of personal power must be ended.

For the Democratic party the League of Nations is merely a stalking-horse, utilized for political purposes. The aim in supporting the Treaty of Versailles as it was signed by the President is not to insure entrance into the League, which the Senate majority has not opposed, but has favored on condition that the independence of the United States is fully safeguarded. The real aim of the Democratic party is to support and reinforce the power of the Executive.

The difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties in regard to the League can be clearly stated. The Democratic party is committed to an unmodified League of Nations, but only because this was necessary in order to sustain President Wilson. It would gladly have accepted all the Lodge reservations without hesitation, had it been able to obtain Mr. Wilson's consent. Its attitude, therefore, is entirely political. The Republican party, on the contrary, while refusing to accept at the Presi-

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dent's hands a treaty that does not conform to the Constitution of the United States, is unitedly in favor of an international association in which law and justice will have a larger, and military force a less conspicuous place.

The vicious assault made upon Senator Lodge in the Democratic Platform, based on a perversion of documents and a deliberate alteration of dates, reveals the abject poverty of its defense of the President and the equivocal attitude of the party.

That attitude, while proclaiming adherence to Mr. Wilson's position regarding the Covenant, does not dare to repeat his challenge of "This treaty, or no treaty." It does not even dare to oppose all "reservations"; yet, while seeming to concede the acceptability of some "clarifying" comments, it precludes any real limitation of the obligations which the Covenant would impose on the United States. Stripped of its intentional equivocality, designed to reconcile a large contingent of the Democratic party, it pledges the party to support the President, leaving him as before to decide what is to be done.

Despite the President's demand for "a great and solemn referendum" on the acceptance of the Covenant of the League of Nations without reservations, this is partially evaded, but it is not possible to evade the capital issue in the present electoral campaign. The really fundamental issue is between a governmental hierarchy of administrative officials, controlled by one man at the top, and the system of representative government, with the division and limitation of powers ordained in the Constitution of the United States.

When we turn to consider the spirit and procedure that produced the Republican platform of 1920, we are impressed with the difference of method between the two parties. At Chicago it was universally remarked that the convention was without central control. If Senators of the United States were present there, they came with no mandate from a superior officer, but as "delegates chosen for this single purpose." Every one of them would have been left at home had it not been the pleasure of their constituency to send them as delegates, and their presence in the convention was an evidence of the confidence they enjoyed at home. By all fair standards of representation they were representative of the party in their States.

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It has been easy for partisan zeal to invent and publish tales of predominating personalities and influential coteries at Chicago, but the most that has been intimated regarding senatorial influence in the Republican Convention is insufficient to warrant an inference that there was in that convention any personal determination of the platform or the candidates. If it had been otherwise, it would be with very bad grace that the followers of President Wilson could speak of senatorial influence as deserving condemnation, after his special message to Congress of 1913, in which he officially requested that future platforms be framed by "Senators whose terms have not yet closed," rather than by "delegates chosen for this single purpose."

As regards the actual formation of the platform at Chicago, it may be said that never before in the history of American politics had such efforts been made to elicit the will of the party. A large committee of eminent non-office-holding Republicans, representing every part of the Union, was formed at the suggestion of the thoroughgoing Chairman of the Republican National Committee, months before the convention met, and all Republicans were invited to offer their suggestions. By this method a vastly larger participation of independent minds in working out a platform than had ever before been known was secured, and a mass of important data regarding the state of the country and the desires of the party was placed before the Platform Committee as the basis for its action.

With a unanimity that no one has ventured to question, the Republican party takes its stand without hesitation upon the principles of law and order, and pledges itself to maintain them against all assailants. The platform begins with the statement:

> The Republican party, assembled in representative national convention, reaffirms its unyielding devotion to the Constitution of the United States and to the guarantees of civil, political and religious liberty therein contained. It will resist all attempts to overthrow the foundations of the government or to weaken the force of its controlling principles and ideals, whether these attempts be made in the form of international policy or domestic agitation.

Upon this solid foundation the whole platform of the Republican party is built. The war necessitated many departures from the orderly normal life of the nation. To this necessity the Republican party presented no obstacle

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but freely voted unprecedented grants of personal power to the Executive.

The task of the hour is not "reconstruction," in the sense of remodelling our political institutions. It is rather to return to the ways of progressive peaceful national development on the lines that have made us a powerful and prosperous people, able to defend our own rights as a nation and to be of service in an international emergency such as that created by the Great War.

Turning to the Democratic Platform, we discern no tendency to return to the normal life of the nation on any sure or fixed foundation of principles. On the contrary, notwithstanding many strong individual protests, the party bends submissively to the inflexible will of its master and applauds and aims to perpetuate the personal régime which he has created. The first paragraph of the Democratic platform confirms the antithesis between the parties which has been pointed out in this article. Its first words are:

> The Democratic party, in its national convention now assembled, sends greetings to the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, and hails with patriotic pride the great achievements for country and the world wrought by a Democratic administration under his leadership.

In strict conformity to type, there is in this entire document no intimation that the Executive is subject to any law or constitutional restriction. The only principles referred to are "the fundamental progressive principles of social, economic and industrial justice and advance," whatever these may be. The Constitution is only once mentioned. This is with reference to the necessity of "declaratory action" by Congress before the Nation can become a participant in any war, but the statement does not deny that the commitments to the League of Nations, under the Covenant, would render such declaratory action a treaty obligation.

With prodigal promises of change, a long catalogue of projects "favored" or "commended" suggests the prospect of further presidential leadership; but there is nothing to indicate how any of these new enterprises can be undertaken without new and increased taxation. The appeal is clearly made to those voters who will not regard this consideration as a matter of concern to them.

The issues at stake are, therefore, plain. A new dedi-

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cation of the nation to tried and approved principles of constitutionalism on the one hand, with its stability of government and security of individual rights and national; and personal administration on the other, with its inspirations, its class appeals, its vague yet dominant internationalism, and the certainty of new and incalculable economic and social adventures as a means of maintaining its ascendency.

It is a time when party lines will have to endure the strain of deeper convictions. In no part of our country, not even in the South, can honest, thoughtful Democrats fail to realize that their party has been called upon to sustain and perpetuate tendencies in government which they do not sincerely approve. It would be well for them to consider if there is not deep wisdom in Senator Harding's simple statement of the main issue, in the words: "What this country needs more than anything else just now is coordinated government and reconsecration of ourselves to the Constitution."

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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THE FARMER'S ATTITUDE

BY U. S. SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER
Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Agriculture

WHETHER they wish to or not, the time is here when, for their own welfare, the two-thirds of our people who consume food, wool, cotton and leather, but produce none of these products, must realize that agriculture is the first industry of the country and that it must have public recognition and support as such, if the industries and commerce of the consuming two-thirds are to continue to prosper and their children to thrive. A remarkable change is coming over the American farmer. He no longer is the self-sufficient, go-it-alone individual of ten or even of five years ago. Instead, he is developing rapidly into the type of business man who believes that only by organizing into groups and taking the marketing of his own products into his own hands can he hope to obtain economic justice and living prices for his industry. Not only is he organizing farmers' co-operative marketing associations to an extent and with a thoroughness never before approached in this country, but individually he is cutting down his farming operations, seeding fields to pasture, growing less grain and fewer hogs and cattle, and putting his business into condition where he can handle it with less labor, because the high wages of the cities have taken much of his help from him, and with less risk of loss in selling his products in markets controlled by speculators, middlemen and market manipulators.

The chronic indifference of the consuming two-thirds and of the Government to the welfare of the farmer's business, his women and children, and the arrogant greed of speculators and middlemen, especially in the last three years, have forced the farmer to retrench. He cannot do otherwise. He has maintained production in the last three years by lengthening his already long working day and by taking his women and children into the field. He cannot humanly

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be expected to continue that programme indefinitely. It is not right or natural that he should. Moreover, there is and has been no inducement or appreciation that would tend to cause him further to sacrifice himself and his family for the public good. The war is over, and the only reward the consuming two-thirds has given him has been to brand him as a profiteer when in no sense of the word has he profiteered, but rather he has suffered more than any other class of victims of the profiteers. He has abundant reasons for cutting down his operations to a point where he can handle them with less labor, less expense and less risk. It is the same thing that any manufacturer or any capable business man would do if he confronted a like situation. That the decrease in his acreage of field crops and in the numbers of his livestock is likely to cause a further eclipse of the dollar that the indifferent consuming two-thirds pays for food, wool, cotton and leather products is growing to be a matter of indifference to the farmer. He cannot pay with altruism for the careless ignorance and indifference of the public and the Government which have made him the helpless victim of practically every market, where he is forced to sell at the arbitrary price named by the speculator and the middleman.

It is a situation that shows plainly, unquestionably, that the time is here when the consuming two-thirds must take an interest in the welfare of the agricultural industry, to induce the farmer to expand, rather than curtail production. The need is imperative and vital to the whole country. In expanding his co-operative enterprises the farmer is showing progressive foresight that ultimately, if not blocked by the powerful middlemen and speculators, will result in an abundant and cheaper food supply. In saying that the consuming two-thirds must awake and take an active, forceful part in removing the choking grip the middleman has on the farmer, I am not wasting time by appealing to the unselfish interests of the consuming two-thirds. For their own selfish interest they must do it. Otherwise, with the farmer curtailing production, as he most surely is doing, it will be the consuming two-thirds, not the producing one-third, that will feel the food shortage first and most acutely.

The most enlightened form of selfishness I can conceive of would be for the consuming two-thirds to shed its ignorance and indifference, as to agriculture, learn the truth and act accordingly. They would then cease the harmful clamor-

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ing for a reduction in the already-too-low prices paid to farmers and would bring to bear an influence that would cause the adoption of legislation by Congress to permit farmers in all States to form co-operative selling associations that will encourage increased production and bring down prices largely by eliminating the speculator and middleman, who take a profit at both ends by paying what they will to the farmer and charging all they can to the consumer.

As an example of the farmer's eagerness to put production on an unhampered basis, the wool that was clipped on thousands of Middle West farms this spring will pay toll to fewer middlemen than ever before. Iowa and Illinois growers marketed their wool through State pools of the growers last year and are doing the same thing this year. Indiana is joining the movement and Nebraska and Michigan who sold their wool through small pools last year will sell through big State pools this year. Missouri is forming more pools and a group of wool growers in the northwest part of Missouri is joining the efficient Iowa State pool. In my own State the wool growers of sixteen counties pooled their product last year. This year the producers in forty Kansas counties have joined the pool. And so you will find it throughout many other States and in a hundred different farm products. To be sure, the wool pools are meeting obstacles. In several instances farmers this summer have hauled their wool back home. The pools sell to the mills through a few agents, and the speculators, who long have found, in their manipulation to buy the farmers' wool cheaply and sell it dearly, a fleece more golden than that sought by Jason and the Argonauts, quite naturally are objecting vigorously to being deprived of their rich pickings.

But the farmer is determined as never before, either to have a fair portion of the reward for abundant crops, or to decrease his operations to a point where his expenses, labor and risk are much less, and, after all, in times of shortage, his profits are not much less than the middleman has allowed him for bumper crops. And the middleman is determined that his source of wealth, his manipulated privileges, shall not be interfered with by the mere producer of that wealth. Up to now the middleman has always kept the whip hand. From now on, he is going to find his self-

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appointed task as master of the markets less and less secure. I believe the farmer will win an appreciable victory in the struggle. He must have relief or his industry cannot do otherwise than to decline still further. But just so long as his winning in his fight with the speculators and the market manipulators is deferred, just that long will food be scarce and high. For their own future and present welfare the time is here for the consuming two-thirds to take a part in the fight. It is their fight as well as the farmers'.

Let me give another example of the determined and businesslike way the farmers are going about this work of remedying our archaic, evil, and unfair system of marketing and distribution. Any urban housewife remembers that this spring she paid $1.50 to $2 a peck for old potatoes, a price at least four times the amount the grower received for those same potatoes. The dealer or speculator will justify that price by saying there was a shortage and the demand so far exceeded the supply that an exorbitant price was inevitable. Now the potato grower knows that the law of supply and demand has been changed to the Law of Supply and Demand & Company and that the "Company" is the most potent factor in fixing prices. He knows that when time for marketing the 1919 potato crop came the speculator had secured a large part of the scanty supply of railroad cars available for handling potatoes and that with this weapon and with a control of storage and marketing facilities could and did hammer down the buying price and in turn raise his selling price almost at will. Consequently the potato growers of Colorado held a State meeting last January and decided to go to the Interstate Commerce Commission for more equitable distribution of cars. But, and this demonstrates the calm and businesslike way the farmers are going about their affairs, they went first to the railroads and made their complaint. On May 21 a man walked into the associated office that the railroads maintain in Washington and told how the shortage of cars increasingly subjected the farmer to the manipulations of speculators. He asked that the potato growers and their marketing associations in Colorado be given equal consideration with the speculators in the distribution of cars and that the cars be not distributed on the unsupported word of any speculator or group of speculators who said they controlled the potato output in any district and should have

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the cars to handle it. He did not ask that the speculator be discriminated against. All he asked was that the grower have equal rights with the speculator, and that where the speculator had bought potatoes, to let him have cars, but where the growers and not the speculator had potatoes, to let the growers and not the speculator have the cars. He also said that the Colorado Potato Growers Association had planned to go to the Interstate Commerce Commission for redress in this instance, but had decided first to give the railroads an opportunity to correct conditions. I am advised that the railroads acquiesced in the potato growers' request.

The potato crop in 1919 was 358,000,000 bushels, although the acreage planted was sufficient to have produced 390,000,000 bushels under an average normal yield. The 1919 crop was 54,000,000 bushels short of the 1918 crop and 83,000,000 bushels short of the 1917 crop. Obviously, when a man gets below an average yield of a crop he loses money. The law of supply and demand says that he should receive a higher ratio per bushel or pound for a short crop. But the law of Supply and Demand and Company says that he should not receive anything extra to make up for the fact that weather conditions cheated him out of the fruits of his time and labor. The law of Supply and Demand and Company says that short crops must result in higher prices, but that the higher prices belong to the speculator.

It requires 4½ bushels of wheat to make a barrel of flour. The producer of wheat receives about $8.37 for the wheat, the miller gets $12.70 for the barrel of flour; the baker, $88.70, and the New York and Washington hotel gets $587 for the product of a barrel of flour, in the thin slices in which it is doled out. In my home State, Kansas, the farmers lost an average of 43 cents an acre on every acre of wheat they raised in 1919. The Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, a recognized authority on farm production costs, gave that figure after he had made a thorough investigation of the cost of producing wheat in 1919 on 2,040 Kansas farms with a total area of 491,062 acres. The average production cost of the 1919 crop on these farms was $25.20 an acre and the average return was $24.77 an acre. In 1919 Kansas produced 20 per cent of the winter wheat and 16 per cent of all the

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wheat of the United States, so these figures may be taken as generally representative of all our wheat-growing areas.

The wheat growers and the farmers in all other branches of farming are perfectly aware that the Government during the war nursed every other industry at the expense of agriculture, and now that the war is over and the reign of the profiteer dominates they do not propose that this condition shall continue. Farmers were receiving $2.45 to $2.60 a bushel for wheat at the time the Government decided to encourage wheat production by adopting its guarantee of $2.20 a bushel for wheat. The $2.20 was the seaboard price under the guarantee and the farmer received $1.80 to $2.04 a bushel under this $2.20 guarantee, not far from a dollar less than when the Government cut the price to encourage production. And last year this great Government, through its grain corporation, made a profit of 23 million dollars out of the farmers' wheat.

About the time the Government fixed the price on wheat it also fixed the price on flour. The milling interests were consulted and a cost-plus price that was very fair, almost patriotic, was agreed on. The country was at war and the millers patriotically agreed that their margin should be small. But they got a cost-plus profit, not an arbitrary price, as did the wheat growers, and it may be remarked that not a few of our millers took advantage of this wide-open opportunity to increase their salaries and charge it to milling costs, to buy equipment and charge it to milling cost and to build elevators and additions and charge them to milling cost, all of which resulted in a big profit, under the cost-plus plan. Yes, indeed, it was all very regular, this profiteering on the cost-plus profit plan, but it was greedy, unpatriotic profiteering just the same and it was done on wheat for which the grower in many cases received less than it cost him to grow it.

How would you feel toward the wheat guarantee and the indifferent consuming two-thirds that permitted it, if you had been a wheat grower? But that is not all the discrimination contained in the Government's wheat guarantee which expired May 31. Suppose you had been a mill or elevator owner last winter or spring and had had any quantity of wheat in your bins. Suppose you had become uneasy as to what the price of that wheat would

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be after the Government guarantee had expired on May 31. Up to midnight of May 31 you could have telegraphed to the United States Grain Corporation and the Government would have protected your holdings to the amount of the guarantee. But suppose you had not been a mill or elevator owner, but had been a farmer a half mile, a mile, or any distance from that hypothetical mill or elevator we have just mentioned. Suppose you had on your farm any quantity of wheat. Suppose, which was the true condition on thousands of farms, you could not sell that wheat, you had to hold it on your farm because of the car shortage. Suppose further that you, too, a farmer, had become uneasy as to what the price of wheat would be after the expiration of the guarantee on May 31. Could you have obtained the same governmental protection on the wheat in your farm granary that the miller or elevator man in the neighboring town enjoyed? No, you could not. The Government was protecting the middlemen and denied the same protection to the farmer. I do not know of a more flagrant, brazen piece of injustice than this. Of course, no protection was needed, it so turned out, but several months previously to the expiration of the guarantee it appeared as though such protection might be necessary.

You can find examples by the score of such inconsiderate treatment of our foremost industry. In July, 1919, hogs brought $23.10 a hundredweight on the Kansas City market. By December, 1919, the price had dropped to $15.35, and by May, 1920, it had gone off another $2, a decline of about $10, not far from 50 per cent, yet do you notice any very appreciable decline in the prices charged consumers for pork products? In 1917 the entire country was wholeheartedly bent on winning the war. The Government appraised the production possibilities of each State and district and assigned to each a certain increase in production of food products, for increased food production was an absolute essential in winning the war. For example, my neighboring State of Missouri had been producing about 4,000,000 hogs a year. The Government asked Missouri for a hog crop of 6,000,000 in 1918, an increase of 50 per cent in pork production. Similar increases were asked in the different States, according to their respective potentialities. Master farmers and the best brains of our agricultural colleges were sent into rural schools and

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churches to urge the need of this production and to aid in methods of procuring it. And the former responded 100 per cent to this cry of the nation. Missouri came in with its 6,000,000 hogs, the herds of cattle and sheep were increased wherever possible and greater acreages of grain were put in. They did their part, and since that time, as previously, even worse than previously, they have seen their products manipulated and profiteered in, as a just reward for patriotism and industry.

Even while the country was crying for increased production in the fall and winter of 1917-18, the packers were paying the cattle feeders less for their finished cattle than the feeders had paid for thin cattle. In May, 1918, a thousand cattlemen of my State gathered at the State Agricultural College, just as the cattlemen of every other beef-producing State gathered that year, to protest against the ruinous market that the packers maintained, and to consider means of relief. At those meetings the best brains of the industry and the agricultural institutions hammered hard on that fundamental truth of the industry that in this day of high-priced land, high-priced feed and high-priced labor the only way to produce beef and live was to market younger and lighter cattle. It was cheaper, they said truly, to raise two 800-pound bullocks than one 1,600-pound steer. The Government, through the State agricultural colleges and the Department of Agriculture, had spent millions of dollars in demonstrating that the best and most economical method of producing beef was to grow and market light animals, baby beef, and for quite a few years the top market prices had been for baby beef because the highest class of the consuming trade demanded baby beef. Most of those cattlemen at those meetings in 1918 knew that fact of the beef industry, and most of them went home prepared to carry out that method of beef production, the method that the most advanced agricultural science had demonstrated was the most economical and best method of producing beef. And what was the result? The Food Administration put restrictions on beef, the buying commission for our army and navy came in with the commissions of our Allies, and they made the market. They demanded heavy carcasses, the most expensive and wasteful to produce. That the Government and the industry had spent millions of dollars in determining and demon-

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strating that baby beef was the better and that the best hotels and restaurants of the country paid a premium for baby beef made no difference. They demanded the old-fashioned, heavy steer and with that demand they killed the market for baby beef, the type of animal that the Government had told the farmer to produce. Much prime baby beef that ordinarily would have graced the tables of only the wealthy and the highest-priced hotels was sold for canning meat that year, and the farmer, not the packer, was the sole loser. It does not help that it was innocent ignorance that unintentionally injured the producer in that case; the loss was just as heavy and hard as if it had been done with malice aforethought.

That is an old story now, but it is typical of how the farmer has been made to suffer on countless occasions for the whims and ignorance of the rest of the country. However, it is not an old story that many men were forced out of the cattle business last winter by the low prices the packer paid. I know men who lost as high as $60 a steer on last winter's market, and who lost thousands and thousands of dollars on their hogs. Yet you do not see those losses reflected in a decline in retail prices of food. If it were not so tragic it would be laughable to watch the turns of the hog market. There is a run of 400 and 450-pound hogs in the market. See the prices drop. The buyers are explaining that the demand now is for light hogs, for fresh pork hogs, and that consequently they cannot pay so much for heavy hogs. Anything to be agreeable, the farmer ships light hogs to market. Now see the prices for heavy hogs go up and the prices for light hogs come down while the packers' buyers explain that the demand is for heavy, lard hogs and not for light, or fresh pork hogs. The same phenomenon may be seen in the cattle and sheep markets. The livestock market is very sensitive. Almost anything, it seems, is likely to change it. A run of shad up the Delaware or a story of whale meat being used on the California coast, and the market drops. Can you wonder at the farmer's attitude today, at his determination to protect his own industrial life?

A few weeks ago—it was in May—I met an old friend, an Oklahoma farmer, the usual type of self-sufficient, go-it-alone farmer whom five years ago you could not have dragged into a farmer's co-operative organization with a team of mules. Today he is a leader in a farmers' co-oper-

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ative organization that is building a warehouse to handle the wheat and cotton of the members. He told me about it.

"My, but I hated to do it," he said. "My hands are full with my own farming and I don't want to get into this business. None of us do, but we've got to do it to get a square deal. We're building a warehouse to take care of our cotton. We've offered the elevator man a fair price for his outfit. We're giving him plenty of time to think it over. If he refuses we'll have to build. Almost all of us, though, had a whole lot rather he'd have been content with a decent profit so he could have kept the business."

In April, a Kansas farmer who was in Washington for a visit, remarked that he was going home to sell six horses.

"You're not moving to the city, too?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "but how much do you reckon it costs a farmer to keep a horse these days?"

"About $150," I answered.

"Fairly close," he said. "It varies on different farms. I figure it costs me $162 a year to keep one horse. I can save $972 on the keep of those six horses for a year, plus the interest on the investment and less the risk of keeping them. I won't need them, for I'm cutting down. Can't get help to raise much grain and am afraid to tackle hogs again very strong. I'm planning to take it a little easier, just run a few old cows and some steers."

And there are many ways the farmer can cut down in his operations besides putting more land to grass and selling his horses. I believe that that Oklahoma cotton and grain grower and that Kansas wheat and cattle raiser typify the spirit of the farmer today. He is not striking. He is still the sanest and most stabilizing element of our society. He is merely doing the sane, sensible thing that any city business man would do.

I do not say that every farmer is taking this attitude. Absolute unanimity is impossible, except in a combination of speculators out to seize farm products at less than cost of production. But as a whole the farmers are cutting down operations and banding together in co-operative organizations as never before. True, they are not quitting entirely. That would be foolish, unbusinesslike, suicidal. They are simply conducting their business as any potato, sugar, wool or cotton speculator would conduct the business if he were farming. They are not Reds or Bolshevists, for Bolshevists

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do not drive corn planters through water, as hundreds of farmers did in Iowa in May, trying to raise at least part of a crop under the most unfavorable weather conditions and knowing far better than any classical economist could tell them that half their seed would rot. Reds do not build million dollar sugar refineries, as Nebraska beet growers are doing after the single corporation that has had their territory as its own royal province had steadily refused to pay fair prices for beets. Radicals do not buy tractors and put in their corn as did a Saline County Missourian in May when all his help had deserted him for the higher wages paid in town. Nor do radicals start at reconstruction, or move in the same spirit that is being shown by the American Cotton Association which is organizing throughout the cotton States to put cotton on the same living basis for the producer that the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange achieved when the fruit growers banded and took a sick industry from the hands of the market manipulators who were bleeding it to death.

Following the Civil War there was an era of railroad building that helped carry the country through the trying reconstruction days. There was a vast area of virgin soil that offered means of increased production and an opportunity for new homes and new industries. We have not those two great opportunities for taking up the slack today, and in our effort at sane, fair deflation in the gradual progress back to normal we must exercise special care not to place deflation where it will injure the nation. The agricultural industry has not been inflated in any degree to compare with inflation in other industries. In fact, through governmental action and middleman manipulation, it was deflated even before it was inflated. To attempt to deflate it now would be but to bleed white our most essential industry.

I know of no better way to bring conditions back to normal, to reduce the high cost of living, than to encourage the farmer.

It is the only way. To do that the consuming two-thirds must, for its own welfare, help the farmer to attain fairer market conditions. Some of the States permit farmers to organize co-operative associations to market their products. Some of the States do not grant this privilege to farmers, although they do grant it to organizations of capital and of

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labor. There must be a national law giving the farmer this right in all the States. Federal supervision of the packers is another reform that must come, and if the agricultural industry is to expand to meet the country's needs, there must be a more liberal system of short-time and long-time credits for farmers. Land speculators are one of our most harmful influences. While the agricultural colleges are training young men and women to be more efficient farmers these land speculators are making it impossible for the young farmers to obtain farms, and are the main cause for the alarming growth of tenantry with its decreased production on American farms.

There is nothing that I have said here that is not an old story to the average farmer, but is a new story to almost every city man. Particularly is it new to several millions of our urban population who were reared on farms twenty or thirty years ago, and who know almost as little about modern farming and farm conditions as the native of Manhattan, although they pose as authorities on farm questions at every opportunity and are an innocent and harmful influence in forming public opinion. The farmer knows how he has been used by manipulator and politician alike and he is taking steps to correct conditions. He desires better schools, better roads, not speedways; but most of all, he desires fairer market conditions. And he is going to get them, for he realizes that the question of sufficient farm labor, sufficient farm machinery, livable conveniences for the home, better schools, roads and churches and wholesome amusements, can be had only by obtaining a fair price for his livestock and his crops and by taking from the speculator and the middleman the just due of which he has been robbed so long. And the salvation of agriculture and of this whole country depends on it—absolutely.

ARTHUR CAPPER.

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MEXICO CHANGES ITS PRESIDENT

BY CARLETON BEALS

WE were burning along the road to Guadelupe Hidalgo, the religious capital of Mexico, situated just four miles north of Mexico City, close behind the auto of Pablo Gonzalez, rebel General, in order to reach as soon as possible the spot where a Carranza military train, bound for Vera Cruz, had been wrecked and two others detained. Red Cross machines were flashing by, flags stiff in the breeze, returning to the city with dead and wounded.

At a blocked crossing a young woman of about twenty-five jumped from a jitney, also on its way from Guadelupe and rushed frantically towards the General's car. That moment the way cleared, and with a sputter of gears his machine leapt away. Without a word I opened the door of our car and she stepped in.

"Oh, catch him, catch him!" she cried and burst into sobs.

She was so agitated it was impossible to question her.

Gonzalez stopped his machine after about a mile to walk across the fields to the first of the military trains where it stood on a long curve, its windows smashed and its cars full of bullet holes.

The girl rushed towards him as he stepped to the ground. His aides attempted to hold her away, but Gonzalez motioned them aside.

I failed to hear her words,—only the reply of the General.

"He will not be shot," he was saying. "With this card you can see him. He is being detained at the National Palace."

He wrote something on a card and gave it into her shaking hands. With a hurried word of thanks to me and an explanation that her husband had been on the train in front

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of the one we were in when it was attacked, she was gone.

We hastened on to the wrecked train, which lay three miles further, beyond Guadelupe.

That morning the Carranza Government had fled to Vera Cruz. The last train left the station fifteen minutes before the rebels entered the city. The rebel General, Guajardo, was ordered to detain them. Two he had no need to stop. One train was voluntarily surrendered by the Carranza general in charge. A second lost its wheels through the sabotage of the shop workers who are one hundred per cent Obregonista. A third was stopped with machine guns. The rest had escaped. But a daring Major with twelve soldiers sprang into a locomotive and gave chase. When within sight of the last train, the throttle was opened wide, and every one leapt from the cabin. Like the finale of an impossible movie film the locomotive hurtled down the track, crashing into the rear of the Carranza train, utterly destroying three cars and disabling the remainder.

As we walked along the blood-stained ground beside the cars we encountered a mass of wreckage, gay-colored uniforms among scattered papers and splintered guns, a great safe half buried in the mud, battered trunks, torn knapsacks. A little boy straddled a saddle on the top of a broken desk by the side of an irrigation ditch, where papers and stray soldiers' caps floated on the muddy water. A swarm of soldiers and their ragged wives were sorting over the refuse, salvaging their own petty belongings and purloining what they could. Two men were sneaking across the fields with a big roll of wire carried on a stick between them. At the front of the train a half-dozen bodies awaited the Red-Cross autos to carry them to Mexico City.

Afar coming down the Guadelupe hills, and outlined against the sombre sky, filed the Carranzists cavalry which had fled from the wrecked and detained trains—coming down to surrender. The roads were full of troops, hurrying from all sides towards the capital. Officers' automobiles criss-crossed the countryside—stopped, gave orders, rushed on. Mexico had changed its government.

The whole revolution has been remarkable. It was thought that Carranza with his fist of iron had mastered the country. Certainly for more than a year no organized rebellion has existed. Yet in a few weeks the Carranza Government crumbled and its master minds fled for their lives.

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Trouble began for Carranza with the mistreatment of Obregon and his followers during the last few months of the presidential campaign. Carranza had determined to impose Ignacio Bonillas, former Ambassador to the United States, upon the people, with the slogan of "Down with Militarism." To this end elections were seized in the various states by fraudulent methods on the part of the Government. Obregonista followers were murdered—1,200 of them in the Yucatan elections. Obregon meetings were broken up with the drawn sabers of the man on horseback. Obregon followers were spirited away to prisons. Obregon himself was arrested upon a faked-up charge of rebellion against the Government. This was for two purposes: to prevent Obregon from campaigning and to keep him in the capital where he might be seized at a moment's notice. Obregon was insulted with the most irritating trivialities. The knowing shook their heads and predicted that Obregon would be in prison—or shot—within a week.

Obregon had the support of the people of Mexico.

And he had the support of the army. Carranza had been building up the power of the military establishment at the expense of civil life. Eighty-five percent of his revenue, in actual amount a sum greater than the entire income of Diaz, went to the army. Schools were closed, until but a handful remained in the whole republic, and teachers of the University were forced to work for part pay while military officers were drawing fabulous sums from the national treasury. Plutarcho Calles, acting as Secretary of Industry and Labor, found he had not enough money at his disposal to appoint a single factory inspector. Every department of government was curtailed, except the military.

A few days after the arrest of Obregon, April 10, Sonora seceded temporarily from the union under the leadership of its legally elected governor, de la Huerta, now to become acting President under the programme of Agua Prieta, and Brigadier General Plutarcho Calles.

On April 13, Obregon, disguised as a brakeman, escaped from the city, going to Michoacan where the Governor and the federal troops flocked to his side. This was soon followed by the secession of other states, until the Central Government had lost control of thirteen states.

No news was received in the capital. The newspapers were rigorously censored, and some of the dailies even sup-

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pressed and the editors arrested. But bit by bit the knowledge came that the new movement had in a few days gained remarkable headway. Troop movements became more frequent. Regiment after regiment swung down the streets of the capital to entrain. Troop after troop of picked cavalry left for the field.

Business took me to the office of the Secretary of War every evening. I could see that all was not going well. Daily new faces appeared and old ones disappeared. Every night the waiting rooms were more crowded with people. I was told confidentially of a score of things that never appeared in the papers and have not appeared to this day. All of my informants were Obregonistas at heart,—I could even sense a sullen recalcitrancy and hatred toward Barragan and Urquizo. I learned of wholesale desertions,—how all the soldiers sent to Sonora had followed Calles and de la Huerta, how the governor of Zacatecas had rebelled, how Chihuahua had fallen into the hands of Villa. I learned of battles in the Federal District and the neighboring state of Mexico. I knew that Gonzalez was in open revolt near Puebla even while the papers were reporting interviews and declarations of loyalty.

On May 3 the papers finally admitted that Gonzalez and three other Generals were in open revolt. On May 5 the city of Puebla, the second largest city of the Republic, and fifty miles from the capital, was reported to have fallen. A more important fact, which had never been reported in the press, was the fact that Texcoco, the seat of the ancient civilization of the great king, Nezahuacoyotl, a town but an hour-and-a-half's ride on the train, and but across the lake from Mexico City, had been in the hands of the rebels for almost a week.

The news of Gonzalez' defection electrified the city. People immediately remembered past revolutions when water and light had been cut, when food became scarce and almost impossible of purchase, when people had dropped dead on the streets from starvation, when one faction had held the arsenal and another the national palace and amused themselves by firing across the city so that people had to remain indoors for days and weeks. There was an immediate rush on the grocery stores and markets, until one almost had to fight in order to make a purchase. People came in coaches and automobiles and carried away

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hundreds of dollars worth of food-stuffs. Prices went skywards.

The money situation became acute. The small-change question has always been difficult in Mexico City ever since the price of silver went up. In fact, silver has disappeared from circulation. To relieve the situation gold pieces as small as two pesos, or one dollar American money, have been coined, bronze pieces up to twenty centavos, and paper money in denominations of fifty centavos and one peso. The news regarding Gonzalez immediately made the paper money worthless, although the Government continued redeeming it—with bronze. Small change had well-nigh disappeared—people were hoarding it until the days of the actual revolution.

The next few days some confidence returned. Carranza maintained his pose of perfect confidence. He declared that no elections would be held until the country was pacified. The Government continued redeeming the paper money. It is true that they counted the bills handed in from the surging mass of people very slowly and deliberately, and it is true that they paid in bronze instead of gold; but they paid. Troops were paraded up and down. On May 5, which corresponds to our Decoration Day, the city, as usual, was gay with flags, and the customary parade passed down the fashionable avenues to the cemeteries. It is true that there were fewer troops, but Carranza himself was there, —he had not fled from the city as persistent rumor had declared,—there with his uniform and his gold braid, waving and smiling at the people. It is true that there were no "Vivas", but Carranza had not received very many for more than a year.

Mexico City went to sleep confident that the end was not yet. People did not know that that very night the crack army of the republic under Dieuguez, with the bulk of the military supplies, had revolted; they did not know that the Fifth of May had witnessed the fall of Celaya, the railway junction of Iripuata, Guadalajara and Queretaro; that thousands of rebel troops were hovering on the outskirts of the city; they did not know that plans had already been made for changing the Government to Vera Cruz; that all day on the Fifth of May, when they were watching the troops pass in review, the employees of the Government were busy packing the archives, the furniture,

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the gold, the printing presses, the property of the nation and the people to be found in the railway offices, the National Palace, the Castle of Chapultepec, and the rest of the government buildings.

The next morning Carranza issued a blatant manifesto at the close of which he declared that he would never give up the executive power until the rebellion was put down and a successor legitimately elected—according to Carranza's ideas of a legitimate election. General Murguía placarded the walls of the town with a brave proclamation addressed to the soldiers of the Republic and containing a bitter, virulent attack upon the revolutionaries, and telling the people of the determination of the Government to fight to the bitter end to maintain the principles of constitutional government and law.

And all day they were packing government property. All day they were laying plans to loot the national treasury. They did not intend to leave a movable thing. They stripped the old historical relics from Chapultepec Palace. They took furniture, papers, inkwells and pins. They did it under the guise of establishing the Government at Vera Cruz. As a matter of fact they had a German steamer detained at that port for the purposes of possible embarkation. That night I strolled up to the office of the Secretary of War. Carranza was supposed to have left at five o'clock. The Palacio was in confusion. The loot was still going on. They were carting everything out of the offices: old dusty books, bent rusty swords, broken drums—everything.

I edged through the hubbub, passed the guard at the door, and spoke to a friend, a Captain, in the inner office. Tomorrow he would be rolling the city in the private car of the rebel General, Gonzalez, one of his aides.

"Going to Vera Cruz?" I asked jestingly.

"On our way," he replied laughing.

"When did Carranza leave?"

"Oh, he's still here—leaving in the morning at three o'clock."

It is not easy to move a whole Government on a few hours' notice. It means a sudden alteration in the lives of thousands of people. It means separations and heartbreaks if a new Government is coming in on the morrow.

In the flat above us lived an aviation officer and his bride. He drove home in his motor at midnight with the news that

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he had to leave for Vera Cruz at three o'clock. They paced the floor until a few minutes before three, when he took his hurried departure at the gate.

Carranza left with the same brave swagger. His train pulled out at ten o'clock the next morning—not at three. The last of the Government trains left at eleven-fifteen. The rebel troops entered at eleven-thirty. He was reported flinging copper to the people and making speeches as he passed through Guadelupe Hidalgo. The people were more interested in the coppers than in his speeches.

I saw the cars when they left the station. Up until the last moment loot was being loaded, there was running to and fro, giving of orders, shouting of oaths, knocking down of mild-eyed train-men who didn't understand military discipline. Military officers bustled about, or anxiously paced the long platform, sad-eyed women peeked furtively through the windows. An air of doubt and uncertainty hung ominously over the hurried departure.

. . . . . .

The rebels entered straight from the hills on lean wiry ponies, covered with dust and many days' growth of beard, weary from hard travel and lack of sleep.

For eighteen hours the city had been without police protection, for the police are paid by the National Government. Yet no one seemed to mind. The street cars and busses continued running. Business houses, while they kept their show-windows shuttered, had their doors open for trade. Fashionable women paraded the shopping district, and turned to look, half-indifferently, when the first troop of rebel cavalry dashed down the street, red handkerchiefs about their necks, Brobdignagian sombreros, broad as baobab trees on their heads to protect them from the hot hill-sun, carbines held at the hip. Yet even the automobiles did not stop as they passed. The city was in a holiday humor, it seemed. Earlier in the morning I had seen a group of small boys seize the go-and-stop signs for the crossings, set them up and regulate traffic, much to the amusement of the passing throngs on the streets and the automobile drivers who religiously obeyed the painted commands. No one minded. During the night but two crimes occurred: a robbery in a bakery-shop, and the looting of a small grocery store, this in a population of over a million.

At twelve I hastened to the Plaza Mayor just in time

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to hear the proclamation of the new Government read from the Presidential balcony of the Palacio. The tired cavalry were drawn up around the square, wild, outré, picturesque, a splash of color against the gray walls of Cathedral and Palace, and the green of the park. General Treviño, who almost a year ago to the day was entertained at West Point and offered a cruiser of war by the United States Government in which to go to Europe, read the proclamation. The people held aloof, perhaps fearing a repetition of what had occurred one other day years before when they crowded into the Plaza and the machine guns opened fire. But a few hundred people heard the few short sentences which guaranteed all business, commerce and industry protection against his soldiers, threatened the profiteers, and put the city under the command of the revolutionaries. After the reading of the proclamation the peons crowded into the great Cathedral balconies and began ringing the huge brazen bells, that flung their sound across the city hour after hour, until dark had come.

Sunday, May 9th, Obregon marched into the city with 20,000 troops. Every inch of the way from the suburb of Tacubaya to the Palacio was jammed with people to watch him pass by. He received an ovation such as Carranza never received. The people for over a year have known that Carranza betrayed them, that he brought their country into disrepute among the family of nations, and there are no regrets. At the Plaza Mayor, although two hours behind schedule, Obregon could scarcely force his way to the Palacio. Again the great brazen bells rang out across the flat-roofed city. Obregon did not even enter the Palacio. He is a man of action, not of words. He saluted General Gonzalez on the Presidential balcony, said a half-dozen sentences from his automobile, and was gone.

Obregon telegraphed to spare the life of Carranza. Practically all Carranzist prisoners have been released. The constitution will be upheld. The delegates to Congress will be recognized and permitted to elect a provisional president. The members of the Supreme Court who have not fled from the city will continue in office. Elections will be held, according to the Constitution, in July. Obregon has wired Bonillas to return and continue his campaign, even though he was taken prisoner with Carranza. The rapidity with which the revolution of the Obregonistas

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gained headway, the ease with which they assumed their responsibility when the Carranza Government fled, the calm continuation of the normal life of the Republic, the noteworthy spirit of fair play and regard for the forms of law and order, mark this revolution as unique in the history of Mexico.

But Obregon was careful to keep the military control in his own hands. He directed the military operations throughout the Republic. It was to him that the rebel chiefs sent in their adhesion to the new movement. It was to him that men came for orders and advice.

For a time the atmosphere in the capital was electric with possibilities of trouble between Obregon and Gonzalez. Rumors of friction and open disagreement were rife. But those who were informed knew that there would be no trouble between the two. Gonzalez' military following had not been kept intact prior to the revolution nor during the revolution. Furthermore, Obregon was the secret idol of the lower officers, and in many cases of the soldiers throughout the army. In addition he stood closer to the earlier ideals of the revolution.

By clever manipulation Obregon gained the allegiance of the stronger men in the Gonzalez camp. He knew, for instance, the worth of Treviño, the military brains of the Gonzalez following. Accordingly he removed him temporarily from the scene by sending him after Carranza, and gained his passive allegiance by promising him a cabinet position. Obregon always has had his finger on the pulse of the military situation. It soon became evident that he had more plums to offer than Gonzalez and one by one the military leaders came over to his side. Not until Gonzalez was almost isolated did he issue his manifesto withdrawing from the presidential campaign to engage in private business. The way was now clear for the solidification of the Obregon government.

During these events the chief remaining excitement was focused upon Carranza, who had fled with such a sublime gesture, hastening to ignominy and death.

He never seemed to realize the weakness of his position nor to be aware of the universal hate and execration he had aroused. As the trains rolled on their way to Vera Cruz, where the scenery was excellent he got out to take photographs. For three days the expedition was a sort of tourist

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outing, a company of sight-seers among strangers.

On the ninth and tenth the expedition halted at Apizalco, half way to Vera Cruz, in the shadow of the great towering Sierra Madres and the precipitous sides of the ancient, volcanic Malintzi. Ixtaccihuatl, the Sleeping Woman, cut a corner out of the Southwest sky, while straight ahead down the sweep of tracks could be seen the mighty, snow-capped Orizaba, shouldering up to a height of over seventeen thousand feet.

The Indians of the village went about their regular routine of life, with little concern that national history was being made. The fat, dirty women pattered barefooted down the dusty streets with great jarros of pulque and atole, or set themselves up in business beside the trains, cooking lunches of frijoles, tortillas, enchiladas and tortas; only scampering away from time to time during the day of the tenth when the thud of bullets on adobe walls and the rattle and pound of cavalry announced the approach of some rebel force. But Carranza gave away no more gold. A dark premonition of trouble hung over the expedition which had already lost its rearguard under Colonel Fontes.

From that time on until the fourteenth the number of rebel troops steadily increased, the amount of roadbed to be relaid entailed a staggering amount of labor, and the hope of reaching Vera Cruz became steadily less. Food became scarce; water exchanged hands for the sum of five pesos a glass; desertions became more and more frequent.

Obregon had already offered to guarantee Carranza's safe conduct to Vera Cruz, or anywhere else—without his loot—but Carranza stubbornly refused to listen to any overtures. He had told his daughter he would come back victorious or dead.

The expedition had penetrated some thirty-five or forty kilometers beyond Apizalco when on the fourteenth it was beset on all sides by revolutionary forces. All hope of escape to Vera Cruz was completely shattered. Candido Aguilar, the President's son-in-law, had been forced to flee from his troops in Vera Cruz to the mountains because of the revolt of Guadelupe Sanchez. Sanchez was now attacking Carranza's front. Treviño was at his back.

Even at the last Carranza tried to make his escape by motor, thus carrying away a part of the gold, but finding this impracticable, the trains and archives were set on fire,

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and the President and his mock cabinet took to their horses across the hills.

The little party penetrated some ninety odd miles before that final tragedy occurred that brought them all once more back to the capital, some to flee and go in hiding, some to go to prison, and Carranza to be conducted to his grave.

The death of Carranza is still shrouded in mystery. The man accused by the followers of Carranza is Rodolfo Herrero, a Pelaez bandit, who offered his allegiance to Carranza. Upon receipt of Herrero's offer General Mariel was sent to meet him. General Mariel had been the acting assistant in the Secrateria de Guerra y Marina. He is a tall, black-bearded, heavy-set man, who always walks with an exaggerated erectness, indicative of an innate pomposity, a man who has always given me a creepy sense of cruelty, perhaps because of his sensuous, cynical mouth and relentless eyes. The two were not long in coming to an understanding and they rejoined the party in the Pueblo of Huachinango. The second night following Herrero's adhesion, Carranza was murdered, or, as Herrero insists, committed suicide. The men who slept in the same room with Carranza, Berlanga, Barragan, Mariel, Urquizo, Murgúia and the rest declare that Carranza was shot by Herrero's men with the shouts of "Viva Obregon."

The principals in this tragedy are, as this is written, held in the military prison of Santo Domingo, and hearings are being conducted to determine the manner of Carranza's death. Detectives sent to look over the scene where it occurred declare that the furniture formerly in the room had been changed, and all evidences of the struggle removed. The hearings tend more and more to prove that Carranza could not have committed suicide, but on the other hand very little has been done to fix the guilt. The investigations have gradually receded from the public eye, until they no longer call for front page notice. Some revival of interest was aroused by the escape of General Juan Barragan, Carranza's chief of staff, a youth of twenty-six years, and his probable seclusion in the Italian Embassy; and the discovery that Luis Cabrera, former Minister of Finance, is hiding in the Argentine Embassy, from which point he sends forth vitriolic articles to one of the daily papers regarding the new régime.

Carranza's funeral was a sorry affair, attended by a

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few hundred people and the diplomatic corps. Six men carried the plain, flag-draped mahogany bier, and the curious pressed upon them so importunately that they were almost overthrown. As the coffin left I saw but one floral decoration, although others were on the electric funeral car to which he was carried. He left few indeed to mourn his departure.

His death, while it cast a stain upon the militarists behind the revolution, cleared the situation, and gave to the new Government an aspect of legality that it might not otherwise have possessed. From the first, Congress was beset by legal and technical difficulties. According to the Mexican Constitution only the President or the Comisión Permanente of Congress might convene the two bodies in special session. The President had fled, and with him a majority of the Comisión Permanente. Who was to call Congress? Such absurd suggestions were offered as having Congress call itself, appoint a new Comisión Permanente, which could convene Congress a second time.

According to the Plan de Agua Prieta, the original programme of legal procedure put forth by the revolutionaries, de la Huerta was named supreme Jefe of the new movement, and in case of its success was to call Congress or if necessary a special Convention of delegates appointed by the governors adhering to the plan. Some of the new leaders—those of the Gonzalez camp—did not accept the plan. But de la Huerta took its acceptance for granted, and telegraphed a date for the convening of Congress. Congress was glad to have the Gordian knot cut, and glad to have some one take the responsibility.

The second legal question centered in the appointment of a new President. As long as Carranza remained alive, a question would present itself of the legality of the Government de facto. Congress planned to get around this by resorting to the Constitutional provision that the President cannot change his official residence without the consent of the legislative branch. This was to serve as a technical grounds for impeachment. The whole problem was changed by the death of Carranza, when Congress was forced to appoint a new president as promptly as possible.

De la Huerta, the man chosen, the ex-governor of Sonora, one of the most progressive and prosperous states in the Mexican federation, has shown himself a man of keen

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intelligence, courage and capacity for work. His cabinet is composed of some of the most enlightened men of Mexico.

It is, of course, too soon to tell what steps the new Government will take towards reconstruction,—reconstruction that was delayed during the Huerta and Carranza régimes.

The crying problem is the military problem. Mexico, were it better organized, would be more militaristic than old Germany. The army consists of 150,000 men and costs the Government over $1,000,000 pesos a day. With the adhesion of all the rebel elements except Villa, there is no need for more than 50,000 men at most, and in fact this is the number that has been determined upon by the new Secretary of War, Plutarcho Elias Calles. An army of 50,000 men efficiently organized would be more wieldy and in comparison to the present but a small drain upon the strained national resources.

But the reduction of the army is a ticklish problem, a cracker likely to explode in the hand. Fortunately the man who is in many respects the most capable man in Mexico today has the work in hand: Plutarcho Calles, ex-school teacher, ex-soldier, ex-Secretary of Commerce and Labor, ex-leader of the Sonora secession, a man of indomitable will, courage, and devotion to principle.

CARLETON BEALS.

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH GOVERNMENT?

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

I.

WHO is satisfied—I will not say well satisfied, but satisfied at all—with the present state of government?

Are the agricultural interests satisfied with it? Are the industrial interests? Is skilled labor satisfied with it? Is capital? Are those whose social contribution is intelligence satisfied with it? Are those whose contribution is muscle? Is the individual considered as a producer satisfied with it? Is the individual considered as a consumer? Are those who bear the burden of an oppressive taxation satisfied with it? Are those upon whom the proceeds of this taxation are lavished?

It is not too much to say that the only people in the self-governing portions of the world who are today satisfied with the state of government are those who from the incompetence and corruption of government secure the opportunity to amass power and wealth at the expense of the general welfare, and those who regard these qualities in it as the most effective arguments in favor of revolution.

It is surely one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of the human race that a science which for more than twenty centuries has engaged the attention of the most profound and capacious minds, which has enlisted the sympathetic interest of the noblest characters, which has for its material an experimental record so vast that the material of all other sciences is insignificant by comparison, should have yielded results so unsatisfactory that there is scarcely a government in the world which is not at this moment threatened with radical change of form and method, if not with actual destruction, at the hands of an exasperated populace.

That our present state should be what it is after nine-

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teen centuries of Christian teaching, after a hundred years of industrial development, after several generations of popular education, must afford to all intelligent and informed minds food for the most disturbing reflection, and cause for the gravest alarm.

The most significant element in the situation is not that which derives its interest from the portrayal of the confusion into which government has fallen, of the exasperation which pervades the mental attitude of all classes, of the physical distress which is, as it always has been, the real foundation of popular discontent. What endows the position with its most serious perils is that what we observe around us today is the net product of all the extravagant promises of human betterment trumpeted to the world for more than a century by the hierarchs of religion, of politics, of education, of industrialism, and of philanthropy.

Religion was to make people good, education was to make them wise, politics was to make them free, industrialism was to make them rich, and philanthropy was to take care of the exceptions which prove the rule. Now, everybody knows that the majority of people are neither good, nor wise, nor free, nor rich; but what is much less generally known is that, if these adjectives are employed with a strict regard for their true meaning, the majority of people are neither better, wiser, freer, nor richer than their ancestors were two thousand years ago.

Are they better in the sense that they are less under the dominion of greed, lust, envy and malice? Are they wiser in the sense that the progress of knowledge has made them more amenable to the appeal of reason, and less to the appeal of the emotions? Are they freer in the sense that the pressure exerted upon them by the elusive forces of modern industrial and social conditions is less galling to them than was that of the more tangible slavery of ancient times to their forbears? Are they richer in the sense that with a thousand conveniences at their service which formerly the wealth of a Croesus could not command, they have narrowed the gulf which separates desire from attainment, or in the sense that their tenure of decent existence from day to day is endowed with that security which is the most important factor in happiness?

In some respects, indeed, man is now more fortunate than he has been in any other age. For the extremity of

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his physical suffering the chemist has provided anodynes; for the satisfaction of his mind the printing-press has opened the boundless field of letters; for his entertainment the ingenuity of inventors has placed at his disposal every sound which charms the ear, and every sight which charms the eye; to his comfort and luxury the remotest regions of the globe despatch their contribution; his days have been lengthened by the physician and by the surgeon; the obstacles which, for countless centuries, time and space interposed between man and man have been swept aside by the engineer; and the air, the sea, and the land have become the highways of an ever-broadening human intercourse.

That these advantages are widespread over the world, that they are enjoyed by the rich and by the poor, some of them, even, by the destitute, has led to the popular acceptance of an utterly erroneous belief that the nature of man has, in modern times, experienced a general and rapid elevation, that alike in character and in ability his progress has been such as to discredit all argument based upon human history, and to justify a serene confidence in an imminent millennium.

If any one cause, more than another, has contributed to the present appalling condition of the world, if there is one which has done more than any other to withhold from the use of mankind that nourishing harvest which observation fertilises in the soil of experience, it is that blind optimism which discounts every disagreeable fact, as having no more than a casual and transitory significance, and accepts every agreeable fact as the expression of an irresistible force for good.

The arguments of the optimists have been advanced with warmth, with ingenuity, with persistence; and as their general quality is such that they reassure the ignorant, console the mediocre, flatter the vain, and bewilder the stupid, they have rallied to their standard a vast army of genial adherents. So great is the proportion of humanity which has fallen under their spell that the almost imperceptible minority which prefers any truth, however painful, to any falsehood, however gratifying, is branded as materialistic, cynical, and reactionary.

The fact is that so far as human beings are thinkers they fall into two distinct groups—the rhapsodists and the realists. The former turn their eager faces toward the

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future, and encourage their hopes to paint upon the unwoven canvas of tomorrow the rich landscape of their desire; the latter scrutinize the unalterable engravement of yesterday, in the confident assurance that upon that chart alone can a true course be laid for human advancement.

It is from the standpoint of the realist that the present paper is written.

In the ship of state the place for idealism is not in the sails, from which the vessel secures its movement, but at the helm which guides it towards its destination.

Since "The Ship of State" is an accepted figure for Government, the analogy may be extended. The captain of a ship must always keep in mind the port for which he is sailing; but the mate must always trim his yards and reef or loose his sails with reference to the actual conditions of the weather. If the captain should leave port with no particular destination in view, if he should insist upon sailing toward any point for which the wind was favorable from day to day, he could always make a sailing record, but he could never reach a harbor, except by some unexpectable stroke of luck; and if he did reach a harbor he might find that his cargo was wholly unsuited to the needs of the country.

If the mate, in face of a rapidly falling barometer and a ragged wall of livid cloud to windward, should keep full sail on his ship, because the sea was now calm, and had been calm last week, and because he hoped it would be calm next week, the ship would soon be drifting about, a dismasted hulk.

Let us make another supposition. Before the ship leaves port the captain calls all hands aft, and addresses them thus: "We are assembled aboard this ship in pursuit of the common purpose which is defined in our charter. As our united effort is to be devoted to the accomplishment of the task which we have voluntarily assumed it is impossible for me to believe that any one of us can harbor a thought inimical to the achievement of our aim. Our united success will gratify the feelings and advance the true interest of each of us; and the consequences of failure would fall heavily upon one as upon another. It is clear, then, that if I should fail to give each of you an equal share in the management of this enterprise I should exhibit a distrust of your honesty of intention or of your ability in action. Such distrust, I

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need hardly remind you, would create aboard our vessel a condition of discord which could have no other outcome than to betray the hopes which unite us in our undertaking.

"May I not assure you, therefore, that your full, equal, and enthusiastic coöperation in our plan is, in my view, the most important element in the situation. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that I should regard failure, with your coöperation, as a result far more pregnant of promise to humanity than success without it. I must beg you to believe that in saying this I am at once moved by the deepest emotion and sustained by the most profound conviction; and I make this appeal to you with high confidence, because the thought would be unendurable to me that there was not ever-present in your minds, as it is ever-present in mine, the inspiring belief that history will esteem our actions for the humane qualities with which we endow them, rather than measure them by the base standard of material achievement. As the poet has so well said:

> Oh, better far, to fail, if pure your heart,
> Than reach success by using wisdom's chart.

"The most satisfactory method by which our unity of thought, our comradeship of action, could be established and preserved, by which we could assure to ourselves that close and continuing contact between mind and mind which is the living spirit of all true service, would be to gather together in friendly counsel upon one day in every week, so that each of us in turn might deliver to all the ripe fruit of his meditation; each, of course, as eager to receive as to impart instruction.

"In such an atmosphere—bright with our common hopes, warm with our common feelings, rich with our common thought—there could live no rivalry save that of helpfulness. But, alas, the stern conditions imposed upon us by our profession, preclude the employment of this method of direct governance. One of us must be at the wheel, another on the look-out, others may have been requested to go aloft and reef the fore topsail, the cook may be unable to leave, even for a brief space of time, his duties in the galley.

"For these reasons, the force of which is, I am sure, clear to each of us, it has become necessary for me to devise another method. This I will now lay before you, for your

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approval or amendment"—and so on; leading to the adoption of a Ship's Constitution embodying the principles of Representative Republicanism, and separate Constitutions for the starboard and for the port watch, each differing from the others in some important particulars.

Later in the voyage it is decided that the representative system does not interpret with sufficient sensitiveness the changing mood of the ship's company; and the initiative, the referendum, and the recall are set up.

The foregoing travesty of sea-life is clearly grotesque and ridiculous in every particular. If, however, we work back from this comedy, and weigh its elements in the scale of our political practice, candor will compel us to admit that burlesque is turned to sober reality, comedy to tragedy, and that, as a matter of plain fact, the arrangements we sanction on board the Ship of State are even more fantastic than those which fancy has ascribed to the Ship of Commerce.

The first point made was that the captain must always keep in mind the port for which he is sailing. In regard to this his charter is absolutely clear; he is to make Callao, or, it may be, Calcutta.

For what port, then, is the Ship of State bound? So far as the United States is concerned, the Ship's destination is specified, and the objects of the voyage are defined, in the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, and in the Preamble to the Constitution. Upon what coast, bounding the vast ocean of life, is this port to be found? Amongst the unnumbered aims of humanity, what are these most cherished objects?

> We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.
>
> We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

In the whole course of man's long and arduous pil-

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grimage the far horizon has never glowed with a promise more fair, more nobly emblazoned, more refreshing to the spirit, more urgent of high endeavor, than that which lies in these austere phrases.

But what if these phrases are taken from their shining emplacement upon the distant hills of hope, and are set upon that turbulent ocean of human conflict which beats around their base?

"All men are created equal." Where shall we find this equality? In health? In physical strength? In intelligence? In knowledge? In morals? In benevolence? In desire?

What is the fact? It is that the highest measure of equality among human beings is to be found in the lowest types of savages; and that every step which man has made upward from savagery has made more apparent the terrible inequalities between man and man at the hour of birth.

"All men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights. Among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

What is an unalienable right? It is one which cannot be taken away or given up. Of the three rights specified above, only one is capable of precise definition—Life. Who will support the preposterous statement that Life is not taken away or given up?

Is Liberty unalienable? Where is Liberty defined? It is defined only in the human spirit; and its definitions must, therefore, be as numerous as the inhabitants of the globe. But this view is too broad to serve as the basis of discussion. Let us take a narrower view. Is Liberty embodied in the right of free speech? Is it embodied in the right of dissent? Is it embodied in the right to drink alcohol? Is it embodied in the right to work for a livelihood? Is it embodied in the right of majority rule?

We know that people are punished for speaking freely, that they are punished for drinking alcohol, that they are punished for dissent, that they are prevented by force from working for a livelihood, that they are often ruled by a minority.

Is the right to pursue Happiness unalienable? Where is happiness defined? It is defined in human desire. It assumes innumerable forms, and its essence can best be stated in terms of its opposite. Unhappiness, then, is the

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failure to attain the objects of desire. It may have been a sense of the infinite complexity of desire which led the framers of the Declaration of Independence to insert in connection with Happiness, almost the only qualifying phrase which dims the magnificent audacity of that great document. Man is not declared to be endowed by the Creator with the right to Happiness, but only with the right to pursue Happiness.

Is the right to *pursue* Happiness unalienable? May one pursue it along the road of anarchy, of autocracy, of usury, of political corruption? We know that these roads are closed, in theory if not in practice.

"Whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it." If I am convinced that the Government of the United States has destroyed Liberty, has taken away the right to live, has denied me the free pursuit of Happiness, may I advocate the overthrow of the Government in its present form, and the establishment in its place of a Government by soviets, or by a monarch? I may not. May a hundred people, a thousand, a million, ten million? They may not.

When we examine the Preamble to the Constitution we immediately detect beneath its appearance of clarity the same quality of vagueness which characterizes the passage I have quoted from the Declaration of Independence.

A more perfect union is to be formed. What is a more perfect union? Is a union more perfect when its forty-eight constituent parts establish laws of widely differing effect upon questions so fundamental as land-tenure, divorce, inheritance, and labor disputes? Is it more perfect when matters of nation-wide concern—the public health, education, the care of the insane, for instance—are left without any common direction which would serve the common interest. A more perfect union. More perfect than what?

Justice is to be established. What is Justice? Does it lie in the equal administration of the law? It may be withheld by the rules of procedure, and, in criminal cases, it may be thwarted by the abuse of the pardoning power. Does it lie in the equality of economic and social opportunity? What does a theory of equal economic opportunity mean in a practical world of unequal economic units? What does a theory of equal social opportunity mean in a practical

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world of unequal social units? Is the spirit of Justice expressed in the maxim "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," or in the injunction to "Temper Justice with Mercy," or in the advice to "Be Just before you are Generous"? Is it to be found in the principle of the closed shop, or in that of the open shop? Does Justice mean that each man shall be protected to the full in his enjoyment of those things which his skill, his industry, his prudence have secured for him, or does it mean that the right to have and to enjoy the fruits of skill, of industry, and of prudence shall be conferred by law upon those who are neither skilful, industrious, nor prudent? Does Justice demand that idleness shall share in the harvest of toil, that extravagance shall spend the savings of thrift, that incompetence shall be endowed with efficiency's estate?

Domestic Tranquillity is to be insured. What is domestic Tranquillity? Is it that state which ensues upon the suppression of public disorder by the power of the executive? Is it that state which, in the dereliction of executive power, ensues upon the declaration of a strike, that state in which the national life is paralyzed, and riot spreads over the land? Is the spirit of Tranquillity to be diffused by maintaining order at the expense of liberty, or by maintaining liberty at the expense of order?

The Common Defence is to be provided for. In what does the Common Defence consist? Does it consist in repelling foreign attack? Does it consist in attacking a foreign Power, on the principle of the offensive-defensive? Is the provision for Common Defence to take the form of universal military training? Is it to take the form of a highly trained, fully equipped, and ever-prepared army? Is it to take the form of contemning military science in the days of safety, as being inconsistent with the spirit of democracy, and, in the day of peril, exalting it as democracy's saviour? Is the Common Defence to be provided for by making the test of patriotism the refusal to prepare for war, and the test of heroism the willingness to go to war unprepared?

The General Welfare is to be promoted. Upon what elements does the General Welfare rest? Does it rest upon the immediate and direct elements of civil order, freedom of contract, the protection of life and property, the give and take of unrestricted competition, the restraints of wise and humane legislation? Does it rest upon the less tangible ele-

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ments of intelligence, knowledge, honesty, nobility, guidance, regulation, and discipline? To whatever extent it depends upon the former elements, to what extent can it be promoted if the latter elements are lacking?

The blessings of Liberty are to be secured. Liberty!

> In no other name do men so readily fight as in the name of Liberty. There is in human nature a profound and inexpungable love of the freedom which men instinctively hold to be natural with that nature, and there is required no more than the threat of restriction for this love to emerge ideally in the sentiment of liberty and the will to sacrifice for it all other goods. . . . But though the sentiment of liberty be thus deep and moving, the understanding of it is rare, and its realization is rarer still. 'Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains.'

Thus writes Professor Hartley Burr Alexander in an essay on "Essential Liberty." In another essay, on "Liberty and Democracy," he says:

> No one, I think, can comprehend American history without some feeling for the force with which the symbol of liberty appeals to the American mind; but it would be a rash man who should assert that in America, liberty, in any intelligible and definable form, has ever been realized.

Now, I am well aware that to many of my readers the account I have given of the destination of the Ship of State will appear even more fantastic than what I have said about the voyage of the Ship of Commerce.

It will be asked: Has this man no imagination? Can he not see that the passages he has quoted from the Declaration of Independence, and from the Constitution of the United States, are expressions of idealism? Can he not understand that this idealism is placed exactly where he himself said it should be placed, at the helm of the Ship of State? By what blindness is he afflicted that it is not plain to him that the port he is so anxious to find on the chart of government is no other than the attainment of the ideals he has discussed? Why does he not look in the Articles and Amendments of the Constitution for the sailing-directions by which the Ship of State is to be guided in its voyage toward the harbor of attainment?

I propose, in my next article, to undertake this search.

(*To be concluded*)

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THE CASE FOR THRIFT

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER

THRIFT is not just a good thing so far as the worker in industry is concerned.

We have for a long time been content with that amiable view. Somewhat perverted enthusiasts have even commended to our attention the Italian fruit man on the corner who, living for the time being on the physique with which nature had endowed him, saves practically all that he earns and within a comparatively few years blossoms out as a capitalist. It is hard to be rid of this idea of thrift; it is hard to drop the notion that thrift and penuriousness are absolutely opposed—that the man who denies himself of the necessities of life at the expense of his physical well-being and the well-being of his family is every whit as thriftless as the Prodigal Son. And also it is hard to rid ourselves of the thought that thrift is only a social idiosyncrasy—that it is purely a matter of taste whether one cares to enjoy today in its fullness without a thought of the morrow or whether one prefers to use somewhat less today and have more for tomorrow.

We have been taught always that thrift is a provision for the future and that it has comparatively little to do with the present excepting in the way of denial. Now I take it that this is not only an unwholesome notion of thrift but also an intrinsically vicious and anti-social view. Real thrift considered in all of its economic relations is not based primarily upon self-denial but upon wise spending, upon getting one's money's worth, and upon, by the exercise of a discriminating judgment, so ordering one's affairs that there will be a margin between income and outgo—that this margin will be returned for the use of society so that he who is thrifty will not only augment his income from handiwork by a supplementary means but also will, through the

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affording of more facilities to society, make more potent his handiwork.

This is the positive as contrasted with the negative thought of thrift. It is the social as opposed to the personal laying-up-for-a-rainy-day notion. When we come to think of thrift as an enlargement of one's capacity rather than as a limitation of one's consumption then bursts on us the bigger meaning of thrift—that it is not merely a good thing but a way of living that imperatively must be sold and with as much ardor as any commodity ever was sold. For the foundation of our present society rests upon thrift—that is, upon production exceeding consumption. If we think that those truths which we hold to be fundamental in our society should endure then we can preserve them only through thrift. If we have not thrift we must be prepared to accept a state of society into which profit does not enter—that is, we must accept something akin to the Marxian ideal as exemplified in Russia.

Let us examine the present situation. We live under what is called the capitalistic system in which the possession of the means to produce is in the hands of those whom we call "capitalists" and the operation of those means to produce in the hands of what we know as "labor." There is no class distinction between Capital and Labor excepting when a concentrated effort is made to engender class consciousness. Laborers become Capitalists and Capitalists become Laborers. With the forming of the corporation the ownership of capital has become widely diffused and a man may himself receive something in the nature of wages from the very capital which he himself owns. For instance, if A, B, and C formed a partnership or a corporation, A putting in all the money or even a part of the money, and all three work for and draw wages from this new partnership or corporation, then such of the partners as have money invested receive two distinct profits—one for their services as laborers and secondly a rental for their capital. The theory of wage slavery involves the hypothesis that capital is never owned by those who labor for it, that the ownership of capital rests in one class, and that it pays wages to another class, and that between the two must always be relentless warfare. Therefore the suggestion is made that instead of capital being owned by individuals or groups that it be owned by the community as a whole through the State, and

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that no wages be paid but that instead all production be for the use of and free distribution among the people.

The controlling idea is that, since, under the capitalistic system, production is distributed only to those who can buy and thus the distribution is uneven and results in some getting nothing and others getting too much, this condition will be remedied by compelling each man to work for the State—for the common weal—and in return he shall receive not wages in money with which to buy, but the things that he could buy with money. That is, he will receive a comfortable but not a lavish guarantee of sustenance and clothing.

This doctrine which I have stated in very broad and not wholly scientific terms exists in a great number of forms and is particularly known as Socialism, with the subdivisions which it is not necessary here to examine—into Syndicalism, Communism, and numerous other variations of the mechanics of production for use.

The capital objection to production for use is that it rests upon the false premise that there is always an abundance to distribute. We know that, although production seems large, there has never yet at any time been enough for all of the world. The Socialists say that this is due to capitalistic limitation of production. Those of us who believe that the capitalistic system is the most equitable that can be devised so long as this earth is inhabited by human beings and not by gods hold that, although production may be here and there limited, that these limitations although apparently artificial at times really go back to an insufficiency of the means of production. That the limitations are by Nature, not by man.

But in this we can all agree: that the capitalistic system cannot survive without a medium of exchange, known as money, by which the distribution of goods may be effected. You may in this or that instance be able to effect distribution by barter but it is impossible to arrange the large and complex distribution of modern life without some hand-to-hand passing substitute for goods. The exchange of the physical goods would put such limitations upon distribution that, as the world is peopled today, one-half of it would be naked and starving.

We have to have a medium through which to distribute. We call that medium money and most of the civilized

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nations of the world have used gold as that medium and on gold have superimposed another more easily exchangeable medium known as credit. If you exchange specie you are but keeping up the system of barter and incurring needless expense. When you use the credit representation of gold—that is, of goods—you have a medium whose transportation is easily managed and you permit the striking and cancelling of balances with but a very slight transportation of even the written instruments that represent credit.

The danger of the exchange of goods through credit mediums is that somebody somehow may create credit mediums that are not eventually exchangeable for goods—that is, that someone will put out more promissory notes than he is able to meet. When you call these promissory notes money and they are not represented by goods then you must mark them down to a point where they will represent goods. For instance, if a man worth a thousand dollars succeeds in putting out ten thousand dollars worth of notes and when they become due he pays only a thousand dollars, the salvage worth of the notes is worth one-tenth of their face value. In the case of a community the salvage is not so simple, and numerous other elements enter, but whenever a nation issues notes to a value which either is or is believed to be in excess of the reasonable redemption worth, those who take the notes discount them to what they think is the real worth.

If this were a level process the harm would be only temporary but in operation this condition which we call inflation does not bring about an agreed-upon discounting. On the contrary, the discounts changes from day to day. Those who are accustomed to the old values still cling to them even if only for a mental comparison. Then the capitalistic ship of state, accustomed as it is to reckoning its course on the money chronometer, finds itself drifting on the high seas with an emotional chronometer upon which no dependence is to be placed. It does not know where it is at.

That is the condition of society today. By reason of the war we have produced more of the common representations of wealth than we have of wealth and, in the process of trying to relate real values (such as a bushel of wheat) to the artificial money standards that have been created, we all of us find ourselves helpless. We are try-

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ing to exchange goods through a medium of exchange of unknown value and therefore and inevitably those who exchange goods or services for this medium find themselves without knowledge of exchange values. They do not know what the exchange medium will buy. They do not know how all this comes about and hence there is a worldwide unrest and a strong movement which has reached its height in Russia to abolish the whole capitalistic system on the ground that an understandable medium of exchange cannot be reached.

The unrest is not expressed in these economic terms; it is expressed in demands for almost confiscatory wages. It is expressed in demands for the State to take over some parts of the machinery of production, but if you analyze every movement you will find that it rests upon one of two principles or sometimes combines both. These are:

(1.) That the method of distribution is faulty because of profiteering on the part of capital and therefore those who work for wages must demand such large wages that a proper share of the distribution can be bought; or

(2.) That the capitalistic system has failed to distribute and therefore should be abolished.

If all of the income, rents, and profits—if all of that which is commonly supposed to be the share of capital—were divided it would not add one-quarter to existing wages. Therefore abolishing capital would not give to anyone a great deal more. To some it would give a great deal less.

On the other hand if those who work for wages can return a part of their wages to the capitalization of industry so that its production may be increased then the wage earner will have not only an increased wage because capital will have to compete for labor in order to make itself productive, but also he will get a share of the return on capital in his left-handed function of being a capitalist.

That is, the way to get more out is to put more in.

In modern production an ever-increasing flow of capital is required. Long ago we reached the capacity of the toolless individual to produce. Then we put into his hands a tool, and then after we learned something of the application of power, a better tool which he did not so much operate as manage, and finally we have found that production to be increased to the world's necessity could be

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brought about only through ever increasing the facilities of production—that is, of the machinery of fabrication, of transportation, and so on.

All of which requires a steady flow of capital! It must be self-evident that if there is very little capital in a country and a great deal of labor the man with labor to sell has to offer himself on the auction block and take what capital has to offer; but if there is a great deal of capital and comparatively little labor it is the laborer who has the right to pick. Through the steady accumulation of capital is the worker's clearest road to freedom.

In the past the capital accumulations have been those of the employers. The working man has only within the past decade begun to come into his own and to understand that he was not a slave of capital but a co-worker with it. The first evidence of this new condition was the formation of labor unions. Anyone who cares may examine the statistics which will demonstrate that as the investment in industry per man increases so do the wages of the workers and so does the strength of the unions. The unions are commonly supposed to be a cause, but economic history would rather tend to demonstrate that they are, on the contrary, a result.

The effect in ordinary times of adding capital to industry is to compel capital to compete for labor, to pay a higher wage, and then, by an increased production sold at a very modest profit, to acquire a reasonable return upon the capital invested. For instance, the packing establishments, although their profits are very large for the year, rarely average more than 5 per cent on a turnover. But they plan their business so neatly as to secure an extraordinary number of turnovers. That is, by skill of management they make large amounts of money on a profit per dollar on which a small business could not live.

As a result of highly organized machine production the question of seasonal labor takes on a new meaning. The socialists object that manufacturers commonly produce to the capacity of the market, then shut down, and let the workers starve until those goods are absorbed. But with a great machine investment a factory cannot shut down—the capital charges are such that it must relentlessly go on and on. It is not possible to make and hold goods for a price because the interest charges on the idle capital would within

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a very short while absorb the highest profit imaginable.

Therefore, one finds that the accumulation of capital in industry not only raises wages but also prevents the bane of industry—seasonal production—and further, by forcing the factory to produce whether or no, compels it continually to lower its prices in order to dispose of its product.

From the standpoint of the worker an increased investment in industry raises his wages, stabilizes his job, and increases the buying power of his dollar—that is, it increases his wages not only in dollars but increases the buying content of those dollars.

Were this doctrine of simple economics more widely taught we should not have so much nonsense about the possibility of a partnership between capital and labor, we should not have the talk about "helping the good workers and making their lives fuller," but instead we should preach "Become a capitalist and not only increase the value of what you perform with your hands but get an extra profit besides!"

Thus viewed we get wholly away from the old tiresome paternal "Save, my good man, and you will never know the inside of a poor house." We should not preach thrift by fear but preach thrift as power.

That is the situation in normal times. The present time is not normal. We have this excess of the medium of exchange over the things it may be exchanged for. We have an increasing supply of paper money and a decreasing supply of goods. By reason of the war this inflation was brought about. We destroyed—now we must construct. It is unlikely that we shall revert to the former nomenclature of buying power. A dollar in the future may be equal to what 50c. or what 75c. was before. That is important but probably the whole matter of restoring the buying power is to be considered only as water over the dam. The really important thing is to stabilize values, to restore to us that medium of exchange upon which our social system is built. That can be done only by increasing production.

We can increase production absolutely and we can increase it relatively by curbing our needs, or what is far better we can do both. To increase production absolutely requires the addition of more capital to industry. Nearly every corporation is asking for money. But the man who

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had the money to invest before—that is, the so-called capitalist, the man whose income was so large that he might easily have a surplus for reinvestment—no longer has a surplus. The former large income is by the erratic purchasing power of the dollar practically cut in halves, but even before the buying power gets in its work the Government has already taken a large slice in taxes. They take the largest slice from those who formerly had the largest surplus for investment.

The man with the money of today is not the capitalist—the man with the money of today is he who works for wages. He receives anywhere from 60% to 75% of the total industrial income of the country and therefore he is the man who has to be thrifty if the progress of society is to continue.

There is no getting away from this. He is the man who has to save,—for the good of the entire community and for his own welfare in particular. If we do not have a large and continuously growing investment in industry, if for instance, we keep only our present investment, then the natural increase in population will cause the investment continually to decrease per head of population and consequently production will grow relatively smaller and smaller until the lack of things to buy will drive the unthinking mass of mankind to the social suicide of Russia.

What are you going to do about it? Someone will probably say, "Why, we have always known this and have made provision." Perhaps a few people have always known this but only in an academic way and not as a question of tremendously vital, national importance, for otherwise we should have some means of returning a portion of the wage fund to industry. We are almost without that means. We have the savings banks but these exist for the custody of sums that have already been saved, and by their very formation cannot encourage saving in other than a platitudinous way. Neither the saving funds, nor the postal savings banks, nor any of the several ostensible means of a quasi-public nature have ever been compelled or impelled to go to the individual worker and sell to him the idea of saving with that quick living force that revolutionary socialism is sold to him, or even with the emotional force with which religion is sold to him.

Religion is taught to the mob as a means by which they can avoid a hell in the hereafter. Thrift might be taught

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as a means of avoiding hell in the present. If we could make a thriftless person something of a social outcast we should go far toward making a better world.

There is the point. The economic value of thrift has to be sold—not only well sold but kept sold. The idea that property is something to desire and not something to destroy has to be demonstrated by affording the laborer a chance to own property. The man who saves anyway—the man with the streak of the miser in him—does not have to be persuaded. He unfortunately is usually an example to avoid. He is about as convincing an exhibit as a Sunday School tract. His self-conscious virtues are to most people unpleasant, unsocial vices and convince those who come in contact with him that somehow there is a conflict between thrift and comfort—between leading a normal life and leading a thrifty life. So much for thrift and its effects.

How is the man with the money—that is, the worker—going to be induced to get into industry as a capitalist? He has to come in of his own free will—he cannot be dragged in by the ears as some employers would drag him—because suddenly realizing the economic value of thrift and being essentially paternal in nature they decree that all of those they employ must be thrifty just as they would decree that their front lawn should be cut.

It can hardly be questioned that if we are to have general thrift it is the part of the employer to give wholesouled encouragement—no, more than that, to urge thrift to his people with all the force and skill that he would urge a banker for a loan. But also that in order that the worker may appreciate the general social value of thrift and may preserve a fine upstanding independence, the means of thrift should in no sense depend upon a whim of the employer or by him in any way be controlled. Otherwise it will not be doubted that thrift is for the purpose of somehow helping the employer—not of helping the man himself.

SAMUEL CROWTHER.

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OXFORD AND WOMEN

BY MRS. W. L. COURTNEY

THERE is a reverse side to all the blessings of Progress. You can have no advance without paying for it. And the present writer, over whose vile body was once waged a fierce war as to whether women should, or should not, be admitted to that Final Examination *in literis humaniori-bus,* which still remains Oxford's crowning glory, cannot help heaving a sigh of regret for the older Oxford, the picturesque setting of Mark Pattison's *Memoirs,* the haunt of the shy and elusive Lewis Nettleship, the semi-monastic community that bred Pusey, Newman, Liddon, King of Lincoln, Gore and many another champion of the "lost cause" of Tractarian ecclesiasticism, while she still looks forward with hope to the near prospect of a mixed university.

For that is what it comes to, what everyone has known it must come to, ever since Parliament light-heartedly gave women the University franchise *on the same terms as men.* That was a bare two years ago, in the first flush of a nation's gratitude to its women for their war service. We had won our equal citizenship. Was it to be expected that we should so far forget our Oxford logic as not to insist that the greater includes the less? If we voted as members of the university for its representative in Parliament, must we not be members indeed, enjoying all the privileges of membership and entitled to flaunt its insignia? If we voted because we had passed the degree examinations, how in the name of common-sense could Oxford continue to deny us the degree itself?

So we said to Convocation, but we scarcely needed even to say it. It was forcing an open door. Nothing in academic records has been more remarkable than the readiness with which Oxford, till so lately the stronghold of me-

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diævalism, showed its present-day liberalism, unless it be the entirely illogical and retrograde attitude of the party at Cambridge, who are asking the women's colleges to form themselves into a separate university, conferring its own degrees and governing itself on independent lines. As if women were likely at this time of day to forego the advantages they have enjoyed for half-a-century of participating in the life and teaching of an ancient university!

What has brought about such a reversal in the relative attitude of Oxford and Cambridge towards the admission of women? It is a little difficult to say, but something may quite possibly be due to a difference in the earlier stages of the approach. In Cambridge the attack from the first was made more openly. The women's colleges were larger; their demands were more insistent; and they constituted a graver corporate menace to the holders of university privileges. The women of Oxford had more of the wisdom of the serpent. They started in a very small way in 1879, just a few students living in two private houses under the guardianship of ladies with well-known names, entirely unconnected with any "Woman's Movement" and apparently quite uninterested in public questions other than those which were directly educational. One of them, the late Madeline Shaw-Lefevre, was the sister of a Cabinet Minister; the other, the now octogenarian and retired Elizabeth Wordsworth, was the daughter, niece and sister of three Anglican bishops, belonging to a distinctly old-fashioned and conservative school of theology with quite orthodox views as to St. Paul's teachings on the due subordination of women.

And the women themselves were for a long time very subordinate. They asked little, and they asked it humbly. They were content with a scheme of examinations devised specially to suit their feminine capacity and to fit in with the existing curriculum in girls' schools. Modern languages played a large part in it, and English literature, and English history. The framers of it did, of course, just put in a Classical section with a view to getting the curriculum improved, as well as sections in Mathematics and Physical Science and one entitled Philosophy. But they laid no great stress on these and did not press them on the students. Gradually they suggested that where any of their courses led up to a final examination, akin to one of the

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recognized Final Schools of the University, it would economise examining, as well as teaching, power to allow women students to attend some of the men's lectures, and to be examined at the same time, if not *in the same place.* Great stress was laid on this difference of place, for old-fashioned college dons were deadly afraid of what might happen, if young men and maidens sat at contiguous desks, whether in lecture halls or examination rooms.

In this way admission was gained to the Oxford Honor Schools of Modern History, of Modern Languages, and of English Language and Literature and, after a somewhat stiffer fight, to Honor Moderations—an intermediate examination for men but still the final school of pure classics at Oxford—as well as to the Final Schools of Mathematics and Science. But "Greats" *(Literae Humaniores)* was still reserved as a purely masculine stronghold. The University's final examination for its chosen scholars, the course in "humane letters," including the best that had been thought and written by the ancients on history, on politics and on philosophy, was reckoned too severe a test for the female brain. A woman might take part of it, and quite a large part, if she didn't say much about it. There was a final school for women in *Ancient History* as well as the one in *Philosophy,* each of these arranged in groups, which allowed a choice of comparatively easy text-books and more than definitely suggested the suitability, *for women,* of encouraging a bent towards political economy. Had not Harriet Martineau, that pioneer of women's progress, already made a name for herself as a political economist; and was not political economy merely the theoretic side of practical activity among the poor, which had always been the acknowledged and admired prerogative of the English "ladies bountiful"?

The first two students to present themselves to the Philosophy examiners accepted the implied suggestion. One, the daughter of Archbishop Benson and niece of Professor Henry Sidgwick, so far lived up to her family tradition as to secure a First Class; but she did not trespass upon the peculiar Oxford preserves. Another of the original band of students, the daughter of a learned Dean, gave proof of her scholarship by taking the Ancient History School and actually presenting her *Tacitus* and *Herodotus* in their original tongues. Another student took a Second

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Class in classical Moderations, the first year that they were opened. Clearly things were moving. And at that moment (1884), only five years after the first woman student had shyly crept into Oxford, a girl came up from a country parsonage and, with all the daring of ignorance, offered herself for the initial entrance examination in Greek and German, instead of the Latin and French hitherto deemed the furthest advance desirable. She did it, because she intended to " read for Philosophy." And to her unsophisticated country intelligence, nourished only by reading, philosophy still spoke Greek and German. Surely it must begin with Plato and Aristotle, with a possible Kant and Hegel to follow?

There was a mild fluttering of the university dovecotes, but she was not strongly resisted. She managed to satisfy the examiners' easy tests in Greek (the standard of so-called " compulsory Greek " was always ridiculously low) ; and she set herself to work to gain admission, where she could, to the university lectures. As she was alone in her intention, it was clear that she could scarcely be provided with a set of lecturers all to herself. That was represented by the authorities of the women's colleges with due diplomacy in susceptible quarters. So Balliol College, then under the enlightened rule of Jowett, allowed her to come and learn about the pre-Socratics, seated alone with her chaperon on a dais near the lecturer, who, being Lewis Nettleship and abnormally shy, never so much as glanced in her direction, and well removed from any possibility of contact with the students of the other sex.

Presently, when she had got as far as Plato, another college gave her hospitality, and there she went thrice a week, still discreetly chaperoned but not so highly exalted. A clerical Aristotelian let her come to his course on the *Ethics* in Newman's old college of Oriel, and used to be much annoyed because she translated her Aristotle more easily than the men, being too ignorant of the older classical Greek writers to be confused by the philosopher's irregular locutions. She had been brought up on the degenerate Greek of the New Testament and knew no better!

Oxford is the home of Aristotelians. She had no trouble in getting all the lectures she wanted on the Ancients. The Germans were more of a difficulty. Men who read

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for "Greats" concentrate on the Greeks and scamp the later people. But as she might only take *half* the School, she had more time to read round her subject, and good private teaching was fortunately available. A year before she was due to finish, the position of Senior Classic at Cambridge fell to a woman—Miss Agneta Ramsay, now Mrs. Butler, the widow of the Master of Trinity—a member of a family famous in classical scholarship. This was in 1887, the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when women and women's attainments were coming much under review. Attention was aroused. Oxford became aware of a girl student in its midst, who might conceivably rival this achievement, and the cry arose "Open 'Greats' to her. Why should that school alone remain a closed preserve for men?"

Well, to make a long story short, the cry succeeded, not in time for this first feminine seeker after the riches of Greek philosophy. She still had to present herself alone, in 1888, and to be examined by three examiners appointed for the sole purpose of adjudicating upon her single merit. But in 1890 "Greats" was opened, and six years later a woman succeeded in obtaining a First Class in it. The last stronghold had surrendered.

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But was the degree won? Not a bit of it. The women were still told "You have all you need. You can take the whole course which leads up to graduation; you can even stay on, if you can afford it, for post-graduate study. We will give you a diploma recording your achievements, and you shall have your place in the University Calendar. But we cannot give you the degree, for that carries with it membership of the University and a voice in its government." It was vain to say that women would be content with the B.A., and that it is only an M.A. who can be a Member of Convocation. Even a B.A. could vote for the parliamentary representative, though the parliamentary vote for women was not then regarded as a practical proposition. "Still," said the opponents, and not without truth, "if we admit women to the B.A. we shall be pressed to go further. What is to stop them from proceeding to the M.A., the D.C.L., even the coveted D.D. itself?" Imagination recoiled affrighted from the dreadful picture. The Canons of Christ Church were as terrified as the Pro-

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fessor of Hebrew, when he was once asked at a tea party whether he expected to see the story of Ruth re-enacted in Christ Church Quad.

So things went on for nearly thirty years. The women waited and were patient. Their leaders gradually prevailed upon nearly all the students to take "the degree course" and not, like their more casual seniors, to omit the intermediate examination and pass at one bound from the gateway of "Smalls" to reading for Honors in a Final School. Now they are hoping for their reward, for, if the grant of degrees is made retrospective, those qualified, but hitherto excluded, will be able to write themselves B.A. as soon as they can raise the necessary fees. The minor difficulty of acquiring a smattering of Greek so as to get through "Smalls" has now fortunately also been removed.

It will be a great boon, especially to the teaching profession. So much have women teachers felt the absence of the mystic suffix that they have been willing in large numbers to cross the Irish Channel and accept from Dublin what Oxford and Cambridge denied them. It sounds absurd, but educational appointments were so often in the hands of committees of business men with the haziest notions as to the relative value of academic distinctions. Miss Smith, armed with all the diplomas which Oxford could grant, found her First Class in *Literae Humaniores* or in Honor Mathematics pale before the fact that Miss Jones, with a pass degree from London or Dublin, could write herself "Miss Jones, B. A." The denial of the degree was, therefore, a real deprivation. The grant of it will remedy a genuine grievance. It may do little, indeed it can hardly do anything, to increase the educational advantages which Oxford has for over thirty years given to her girl students. But it will encourage more to come and claim them.

That, too, has its reverse side, for how great were those advantages in the early days when the city still lay beautiful and enchanted, listening, as Matthew Arnold said, to the spells of the Middle Ages! Something has passed of the old romance. It began to fade when the bicycles of both sexes were stacked in the college porticos, what time the girls and boys were at lectures within. Then the motor-cycle came to do its noisy worst; and the motor-buses encouraged the growth of the ugly northern suburbs, now

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so swollen that what was *ultima Thule* in 1890 is comparatively central now. And it is not only the fading of romance. Something has been lost by the mere multiplication of women, by the fact that enough now read for each School to justify the appointment of women teachers and lecturers. No one wants to debar women from these appointments; but the result is a prolongation of the girls' school traditions and a corresponding lack of the stimulus of contact with masculine minds.

In the early days the girls were taught almost entirely by men, and many of those busy College tutors took a very special interest in their girl pupils. Moreover the women's Colleges were too small to make a society of their own. They sought and found their social opportunities in the general society of the university. The girls "went out," not as students, but as Miss Smith or Miss Jones, known to this or that hospitable Oxford house, taken out by this or that kindly lady of standing in Oxford, on the ordinary social basis. Always, be it remembered, under a chaperonage as strict as that which any careful Oxford mother would have provided for her own daughter in a town full of young men and governed by Victorian standards.

Some of the rules were a little childish. Girl students might walk alone in the remoter parts of Oxford, but not in the High Street. They must go two together if they wanted to attend Christ Church chapel or the University Church. For special College chapels one of two or three selected chaperons must be enlisted, and for all visits to men's rooms. Chaperonage was also *de rigueur* at lectures, and sadly bored must have been many of those good ladies of Oxford who stepped gallantly into the breach and listened patiently to dissertations often wearisome even to the lecturers themselves.

There were subjects—Aristotelian logic and economics, for instance—for which no lady would volunteer, so the paid chaperon had to be called in, with her knitting and her air of comfortable unconcern as to anything the lecturer might be saying. Irreverent undergraduates used to make portraits of her and pick up her ball of red wool with elaborate politeness. And once she unconsciously created a sensation by not turning up, whereupon the girl student, greatly daring and realizing that all her fellow auditors had already seen her waiting outside, plucked up her

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courage and went in alone, half expecting the heavens to fall. The lecture had begun, but the lecturer, a wise and fatherly man, known to all Oxford as "The Phronimos," merely paused, looked at her and remarked with paternal blandness: "The subject of this lecture is Property in Land." With which delightfully calm and impersonal statement the incident closed.

These were the humors of the early days. Oxford soon began to get used to its young women and to modify its prudishness. Moreover the young women multiplied sufficiently to afford each other social protection. "You know the *passée* ones act as chaperons," a man was heard to say one day at a Professor's lecture, after which the girls amused themselves by discussing when that limit had been passed. But with the multiplication came a certain decline in intellectual quality. The students were no longer a picked set. It became usual to go to College. Naturally the percentage of First Classes diminished as the enthusiasm for hockey and boating increased. The girls' school spirit invaded the women's colleges, and there was too great a tendency to send back to the schools, as finished products of the university, teachers who were perilously like overgrown schoolgirls. It was a vicious circle, which many who cared for the broadening of women's outlook saw reason to deplore; and it played its part in fostering that "intellectual proletariat," emotionally starved and therefore stunted in mental growth, which fed the ranks of the militant suffragettes.

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The war came and changed all that. It gave women an immensely wider opportunity for varied work and swept away with one stroke all absurd ideas about the necessary segregation of the sexes, whether in education or at work. Nobody had time for such nonsense. And as things got worse and the country was drained of its manhood, women taught in boys' schools, filled men's places in the public offices (where they had hitherto been deemed impossible "owing to the structural difficulties which prevented the necessary separation"), acted as police, drove post office motor vans, managed re-mount stables, gathered in the crops and ran the timber stations—there was no limit, scarcely even that of physical strength, to the long list of their activi-

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ties. We can never go back to sex separation. Heaven send that we never go back to sex jealousy!

There are, however, discouraging signs both in the official and the industrial worlds. The Government has set a bad example by sanctioning the old economic fallacy that work must be reserved for those who most need it instead of being a free field for all the best energies. Consequently, soon after the Armistice, it began to dismiss from the public services the married women, who were among the most efficient, and made an appeal to every woman "who could afford it" to cease work and—apparently—to relapse into her previous idleness. What a shocking waste of power! And all to satisfy an ignorant view of the causes of sectional unemployment, and to strengthen the equally ignorant and prejudiced propensity of the trade unions to exclude women's labor instead of absorbing and educating it.

Moreover, the Government itself is still a considerable sinner in the matter of restricting the women in its service to routine work and perpetuating discrimination against them in fixing rates of pay. We are a long way yet from "Equal pay for equal work," the new rallying cry of the feminine discontented.

Now here is the great opportunity for an enlightened university. If we are to win, and to win wisely, we must begin by the most thorough education. In a university everything still goes by merit and not by fear or favor. Men and women compete in all amity and before the examiners find their own level. Let the intermixture be made complete. We can never go back to the old order, just as we can never re-create the social conditions of the world before the war. Let us face this prospect boldly and utilize to the full the advantages to be gained by the influence of the sexes on each other. Let men teach women and women men, if it proves to be desirable, provided that the best teacher is always chosen. Let us have no fear of equality. More than half the opposition to "equal pay for equal work" is craven dread. Stout believers in the inequality of the sexes should be the very first to raise the cry, for if women are not men's equals, their work will be unequal; they will neither earn, nor receive, an equal reward. To be afraid is to acknowledge a suspicion that the equality is not unreal.

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Women will obtain high office, whether in the university or in the State, only if they are fit for it. There is no need to be quaking beforehand. Harriet Martineau proclaimed that truth sixty years ago. "Women like men can obtain whatever they show themselves fit for. Let them be educated." That is it, "let them be educated," and the rest will come. Oxford has made the first step, a step more momentous and revolutionary than appears at first sight, especially if Convocation throws open, as it is now being invited to do, all the university offices to both sexes alike. For whatever new universities might do, as long as there existed ancient strongholds of learning from the membership and government of which women were excluded, they were debarred from proving either their equality, or inequality, to modern conditions.

Too much has been made of Oxford's other concession to modern views, the abolition of compulsory Greek. It has merely given up what the best lovers of Greek knew was not worth preserving. The power to struggle through two books of the *Anabasis,* or one Greek play, and to produce a tolerable version of an easy piece of "unseen," was not going either to preserve the classics, or to increase men's respect for them. The study of the classics will never die so long as men and women love literature, even the literature of their own country. Such a love must awaken a desire to know "the best that has been written," and that "best" was so often written by a Greek. What are our modern students of politics going to substitute for Aristotle? And lovers of poetry for Sophocles, or philosophers for Plato? Of course the Greeks will never be generally studied; but then they never were. They will always be specially studied, because they must always exercise an irresistible attraction. It is the difference between an extensive and an intensive culture; and the more they are studied intensively, the more will their influence permeate the mass, because it will have been absorbed by the leaders. This is the great hope for the democracy. Balance, proportion, Aristotle's doctrine of the mean. Once imbue with this the leading spirits, men or women—the rest may be trusted to follow. Here is Oxford's mission, the true mission of every ancient university.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

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THE SOCIETY OF THE FUTURE

A Forecast from a New Angle

BY HERDMAN F. CLELAND

FOR millions of years to come the earth will probably be suitable for the habitation of the human race. Such are the conclusions that have been reached by a careful analysis of the past as revealed by a study of the rocks and their contained fossils, and by the researches of astronomers. This belief rests upon the facts that for many millions of years the earth has been inhabited by animals that have required the same environment as man; that there is no reason to believe that the sun's heat will materially decrease for eons to come; or that the earth will be burned by collision with some great star. However, during the vast geological ages the climates were not congenial at all times nor in all places. During some periods the seas of the world were smaller than now and the continents were larger and great deserts occupied them; during others the seas spread over thousands of square miles of the continents and moist climates were nearly universal; during still others great ice sheets moved over the lands but did not cover the entire world. It has even been suggested that we are now in an interglacial stage, and that glaciers may again move south in North America and Europe, possibly to reach the Ohio River as they once did.

Notwithstanding such vicissitudes; notwithstanding the fact that at times life was nearly wiped out and whole races of animals and plants became extinct, always some survived and from some of these sprang the life of to-day. No place in the world was continuously habitable during the world's history but always some places, now here and now there, were suitable for life, and it is probable that for untold centuries in the future similar conditions will prevail.

There is at least one serious element of doubt in all forecasts of the duration of the human race: geological history

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records, that without apparent cause, races that had lived on a continent and had had their entire evolution there suddenly disappeared, leaving no record except that afforded by their broken and fossilized bones. The horse and camel races are examples. They lived and evolved in North America from small, five-toed creatures to nearly their present forms, and then with apparent suddenness became extinct. But the same regions which formerly supported great herds of these animals are now as favorable for their growth and increase as any place on earth. Their extinction on the Western Hemisphere was due, with little doubt, to epidemics, and if the human race vanishes during the next 1,000,000 years its disappearance will doubtless be brought about by some epidemic or epidemics and not through a great change in climate or other physical conditions. The progress of medical science and bacteriology would seem to make such a fate unlikely. Moreover, man lives under more diverse conditions and over a greater part of the world than any other animal of the past or present and it is probable, therefore, that in some place or places he will find a refuge from any disease.

One may, then, with reason, assume that man will continue to populate the earth for many hundreds of thousands of years to come. If this is true it is interesting to speculate on the kind of creature the man of the distant future will be. Would you, were you to return to the earth in the year 1,001,920, be able to recognize your descendants as human beings, or would you find them so modified that they would appear to be, or would be in fact, a higher or lower race? Geology, or more strictly paleontology, affords many examples of animals that existed a million or more years ago which are nearly identical with their living descendants. There is a small lizard living in New Zealand today which is the little-changed descendant of one that lived in Permian times, a period so remote that at least 10,000,000 years have lapsed since then. The tapir of the Amazon forests could not be distinguished by the casual observer from an ancestor that lived 3,000,000 years ago. The turtle, one of the strangest animals of the geologic past and of the present, had the same architecture when the earth was 9,000,000 of years younger than it is now. Man, like these animals, seems to have reached the climax of his evolution, if indeed, he has not passed it and is not now retrogressing.

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Some of the men (Cro Magnon) of the Old Stone Age (Paleolithic) had large, finely-moulded heads and splendid bodies and were, as far as one can judge from their skeletons, one of the finest races the world has seen, and yet, at a conservative estimate, these men lived 16,000 to 20,000 years ago.

Granted then, that there is likely to be little physical improvement in the human race if Nature is not interfered with (although this cannot be proved), is there also a limit to the development of the intellectual and rational powers of man? It is generally assumed that there is none, but this supposition is not supported by evidence, although it cannot be disproved. Fortunately, much is known about the early Greeks; their bodily form is shown in their works of art; the quality of their intellect is revealed in their writings; and their technical skill is indelibly recorded in their architecture and sculpture. In all of these qualities they have never been surpassed. As far as one can judge from their writings, no philosophers with greater intellectual powers than Plato and Socrates have yet appeared. When the appliances at his disposal are considered, Aristotle ranks as one of the world's greatest scientists, as well as a great philosopher. These men lived 2,000 years ago,—a short time geologically,—but in these twenty centuries no advance in intellectual power appears to have been made.

What will be the effect of philanthropy as now practiced, upon the physical and mental betterment of the race? With the progress of science and the spread of a spirit of altruism the law of natural selection,—the elimination of the physically and mentally unfit,—has already, in large measure, ceased to be operative in many countries and the result in many European countries and in our own is that the offspring of mentally and physically imperfect persons pass their inferior qualities to their descendants and thus prevent racial improvement, if, indeed, they are not causing the deterioration of the race.

Physical and mental improvement in the past was brought about largely by adverse conditions. The horse would not have been "one of the most perfect pieces of machinery in the living world," so superb that it can be said that among the works of human ingenuity "there is no locomotive so perfectly adapted to its purpose, doing so much work with so small a quantity of fuel as this machine

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of nature's manufacture," if it were not for its untold centuries of struggle against increasing aridity and a changing vegetation. The death rate must frequently have been enormous and doubtless many times the race was on the verge of extinction; but this mortality was greatest among those whose structure was less suited for the new conditions or whose brain failed to increase in size and power. If during these long years those horses that lacked the qualities which best suited them for their environment, or whose qualities were below the average, had been preserved,—as the unfit of the human race are being saved today,—they would have diluted the blood of those best suited to survive, and the horse, as we now know it, would not have been evolved, but instead, the race would doubtless have become extinct. In the past, easy conditions have not, in general, resulted in progressive change to a higher type.

An interesting example of the effect of hard conditions on man can be gleaned from two reports that have recently appeared. The report of the Surgeon General of the U. S. Army on the results of the physical examination of the drafted soldiers shows that the negroes in the United States Army were, on the average, physically superior to the white soldiers, and that they were also less subject to bacterial diseases. The second report is one from New York City on the living conditions of several thousand families. This investigation shows that the mortality among negro children is much greater than among those of any other class in the city.

Other reports show that in 1916 the mortality of negroes to whites in cities was as 5 to 3. These apparently contradictory reports are really in accord. Because of the unsanitary conditions under which the negroes usually live, the weaker negro children have little chance of reaching maturity and, as a consequence, it is in general only the best physical specimens that rear families. The effect of this selection is seen in the fine physique of the American negroes. Another example points to the same conclusion: the Jewish race for hundreds of years has been compelled to live in unhygienic environments and under unfavorable economic conditions. An indirect effect has been a virile race which, when transplanted to such genial surroundings as are found in America, soon developed leaders in many lines of financial and intellectual endeavor.

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As has been stated, evolution has progressed most rapidly and effectively under hard conditions. Geological history teaches us an obvious lesson in the present crisis. Now that the World War is over and the peoples of Europe are suffering for the want of sufficient clothing and food, and will lack much that before the war they thought to be the necessities of life, we must not conclude that the future generations of the people who are enduring these hardships will be less sturdy mentally or physically than those who were born in lands that were not so devastated or impoverished. On the contrary, the qualities which will be developed by the adverse conditions under which they will live may make them masters of the people of the Americas who are now living at ease, and who are not being driven by necessity to improve. The Japanese in America afford a striking illustration. This race is able to replace the whites in the agricultural districts of California because, during a struggle of hundreds of years, the Japanese have become enured by severe competition and have learned to live comfortably on food and in habitations that Americans and Canadians consider inadequate.

One can hardly err in prophesying that the Malthusean law which states that the race will increase numerically faster than the means of subsistence, will not be operative. Attention has repeatedly been called to the small families of the educated. Large families in the United States, France, and Great Britain are rare, except among the ignorant. The large family in Germany was encouraged for the obvious reason that the greater the number of sons the greater the power of the military. In the not distant future, possibly before the food supply is inadequate, laws will be enacted to prevent too large families, if indeed such laws will be necessary.

The problem of race: the feeling of superiority of the white race for the yellow, of the yellow race for the white, and the red for the black, has been a source of trouble in the past and will continue to be one of the great problems of the near future. But will not the time come when races, as such, will cease to be? The American Indian in the United States affords an interesting proof. Some years ago measurements of the heads of Indians of Minnesota were made in order to determine which were of pure blood and which were not. It was found that about two-thirds of the

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Indians of Minnesota contain white blood. The Indians on the reservations in New York State probably have more white than Indian blood in their veins.

Provincialism must necessarily become less and less pronounced as the peoples of different countries learn more and more about and mingle with the peoples of other countries. This was ordained when the steamboat, electricity, the aeroplane and other inventions brought the countries of the world together. One result of this closer contact which will accompany the elimination of space will be that the problems of each country will become the problems of the world.

This interdependence of peoples is already felt in ways that would have seemed impossible one hundred years ago. A few examples will suffice to illustrate this condition: a disaster to the Gloucester fishing fleet brings hardship to the Cubans who depend upon the cod of the Grand Banks for part of their food; a hurricane destroys the banana crop of Central America and causes real distress among the poor of New York and Boston; a severe drought in Argentine brings death to the great herds of cattle of that country and the prices of meat and shoes go up throughout the world; a prolonged strike in the woolen mills of England reduces the output of cloth, and the poor of France and Italy must suffer,—and so on.

The war has shown that even now no country is entirely independent. Moreover, who can doubt that even the disadvantages of climate and environment may, to a considerable degree, disappear as the result of mechanical appliances, just as in some of the cotton mills of Alabama the air is cooled in summer by ice machines and is provided with the amount of moisture required for the best weaving of the cloth.

The possibility of artificial selection must not be overlooked in any consideration of the future of the human race, for if mating is determined by the Government, the improvement of the race may be rapid and striking. All familiar with the great number and diverse varieties of pigeons, of dogs, of goats, of horses, of cattle, and of plants which have been produced, almost at will, by artificial selection will understand the possibilities of a great modification in the form, structure and intellectual power of our race if eugenics are compulsory and selections are

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wisely made. One must curb the imagination when forecasting the outcome. If our social organization becomes as perfect as that of some insects, this will doubtless be done. Who knows what the functions of the State of the future may be? This is a great, unknown factor, but when the vast stretches of time during which the race will probably exist are considered, it does not require a vivid imagination to picture this human product of artificial selection as super-men and super-women. Without artificial selection, however, the man of the future will probably differ little from the people of our own time.

The geological history of ants offers a suggestion as to what may be in store for our descendants. Ants preserved in amber,—the fossilized gum of the pine in which they were entrapped in Oligocene times, perhaps three millions of years ago,—are said to be in all respects like the ants of today; their physical form cannot be distinguished from that of their modern relatives, and their social organization was so far advanced that the workers, the queens, and the males had the same characters as now. With the completion of mental and physical evolution the social evolution of the ants progressed until it went further than it has among human beings. (It is possible, however, that physical evolution came to an end because of their social habits). When carefully analyzed our present day civilization and social organization are seen to be in many respects, —some would say in most respects,—illogical, uneconomical, and unjust, and consequently unstable. The old order,—the product of individualism,—when every man works for himself and not for the State, is passing away and society is becoming adjusted to new and more permanent conditions.

What, then, will be the future of the human race? If, as has been suggested, one can find a parallel in the evolution of bees, ants, and other social insects, one gets a glimpse into the future; and if, as the history of other animals teaches, man has nearly or quite reached the limit of the mental and physical development of which he is capable by natural means, it seems inevitable that the future will be largely spent in perfecting his social organization. But before this adjustment can be completed many false steps will have been taken,—some so unfortunate that, for a time, the right road will have been lost,—but such errors, although destructive to many individuals and the

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cause of untold sufferings, will be warnings to prevent similar mistakes. One can hazard the prophecy that at some time,—perhaps less remote than some of us think,—the individual will be an integral part of the social machine; that all will work for the common good; and that the food and the housing will be the same for all. In the bee-hive when the colony realizes that the drone is not necessary for its perpetuation he is driven away or is actually put to death, and this is also the fate of other individuals who are not contributing to the well-being of the colony. One wonders what will be the fate of the lazy, the vicious, the insane, and the permanently disabled in the human society of the future. However, one must not carry the parallel too far, for man is unique among animals in the high development of the brain.

But what will be the result if, in order still further to promote its efficiency, this society of the future regulates marriage so as to produce strains that will more effectively do its work? The possibilities are startling. As the great draft horse and slender race horse have been developed by careful selection, so one human strain might be developed for great physical strength, another for manual dexterity, and still another for intellectual power; of this last some would have an aptitude for invention, some for executive work, some for literature, and some for other lines of intellectual endeavor.

There seems no likelihood that this future society will be for the proletariat, as the Bolsheviki teach, nor, on the other hand, will it be for the bourgeoisie, but in this perfected organization search will doubtless be constantly made for talented men and women in order that all may profit by the work of genius. When one takes his mind from the things of the present and allows himself to think of the thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of years during which man will probably inhabit the earth, he realizes that the race is in the infancy of its social evolution, and he can form some feeble conception of what lies before it.

HERDMAN F. CLELAND.

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A PICTURE OF RUSSIA

BY PRINCESS CANTACUZÉNE-SPERANSKY

WHEN I went to Russia I found the inhabitants of the villages I visited, a simple childish crowd, working only when they must, always in debt to the village usurer, singing or sleeping in their spare hours, drinking when they owned money or could borrow it, and leading a life which intellectually was starved, but which nevertheless had its picturesque and artistic sides, and its advantages of great space and good air and the beautiful frames of forests and the fields, which went to inspire the song and the legend of Russia generation after generation. On this primitive base was built up a structure of great brilliancy and a culture as advanced as that of any other part of Europe, for the Russian was talented beyond all other people and he absorbed and digested any intellectual nourishment within his reach.

Strangely enough, between the aristocrat and the peasant living near him, there existed a free masonry of patriarchal relations, making our country life ultra-democratic. These two classes were left out in the scheme of government, which consisted of an autocratic sovereign with a bureaucracy, which made the machine of administration. The nobility might shine at court, but they had no particular influence in politics—and the peasant might do the work of the nation, but he was the last element that was thought of by those above. So the two often drew near to one another, and felt a mutual trust which made for protection on one side, and faithful service on the other. Living off by themselves through many months of the year, far from the bustle and traffic of great cities, they grew to understand and help one another in many ways. I noticed, for instance, in our village that the doctor sent by the Government was not believed in by the people, who were afraid

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of him, yet they would take any medicine or go to any doctor who was ours—and for many years we kept a house doctor in the chateau to whom our people flocked with all their troubles. Meantime the man furnished by the Government to look after them led a lonesome life.

It was the same about schools. Those set up by the Government under the Ministry of Education were avoided by the people when possible—while any schools founded and carried on by proprietors' efforts and under proprietors' eyes were enthusiastically attended.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, one of the favorite methods of developing Russia had been by the importation of so-called colonists. These groups of foreigners, some French but many more German, were brought into the country and established over its surface in villages or districts which were given them as their own. Here they always lived as they had in their home countries, intermarrying, speaking their old language and keeping their national ideals. Germans especially made the neighborhoods in which they settled, feel the heavy hand of their domination. Usually these colonists were disliked intensely by the peasantry around them.

When war with Japan came in 1904 and mobilization occurred among our villages, I was surprised to see the lack of interest shown by soldiers who were going away to fight. Apparently they knew nothing about where they were going, nothing of the Japanese whom they were to fight, nothing of the reason for the war. Yet all of them went at the first call, arguing simply that it was for the "Little Father" that they were being dragged away. It seemed a touching tribute to the one ideal which had been kept before them, that they so willingly gave their lives for it, though with such vague understanding of the cause.

In 1914 it was different. We knew the Germans, and had felt their heavy hand on many occasions. Superintendents of estates were often Germans. Many of the bureaucrats were of the same extraction, and all along the frontiers our peasantry had had endless difficulty with their neighbors. This was everybody's war, and everybody was keen to get the better of a foe who through long centuries had been the oppressor. From the beginning, however, there were German spies and German propaganda at work. At the moment war was being discussed there was a strike in

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St. Petersburg among the workmen. It was found, when soldiers went to quell the riots there, that many of those who were in the uprising had German gold in their hands or in their pockets. After this trouble was quieted and the war began, German spies were at work everywhere. It was known that they were on our frontiers, back of the firing lines, all through the provinces. Even at Court and in the Government they had their workers. The Minister of War was proved without doubt to have been one of their tools, and he had held up through their machinations the production of ammunition and the arms which were so vitally needed to keep our army going through 1915. On account of his not living up to his promise, the great retreat of 1915 occurred, when the Russian armies after their brilliant offensive at the beginning of the war were driven back step by step defending their home-land with empty hands and bare breasts. No chapter in Russian history has shown to such advantage the character of the Russian soldier and the Russian nation at large. Their devotion to duty, their magnificent courage, their faith in their commander and in Providence, held our armies in stiff lines against the enemy's fire.

The old Grand Duke, Commander in Chief, said himself at this time that if Soukhomlinoff was not summarily punished for his treachery, any propagandists of revolution might well find fertile ground for their preachings, since the people realized the criminal responsible for all their misery and butchery had gone unpunished because of the protection this man received from his clique at court, the Germanophile Occult party.

After the retreat events developed rapidly. The old Grand Duke and most of the Liberals at court were sent away in disgrace, and a sharp struggle with the Liberals in the Duma ended by the Emperor closing the Parliament itself. The guidance of affairs more and more passed into the hands of the Rasputin party. These people worked only for their own aggrandizement and to seize the power. Things went from bad to worse in the Government, while along the firing line and through the country with desperate courage our men fought and our women worked, to keep their contract with the Allies and to push the enemy back to his boundaries again. As the weeks progressed and the revolutionary propaganda augmented, one heard murmur-

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ings on every side against the powers which were directing events, until one felt at last in the early part of 1917 that a terrible crisis was approaching with rapid strides. The group in the Government, those at least who were against a liberal solution of our troubles, were blind and deaf to the signs of the times. They were moving with ever-increasing speed towards the precipice which meant the dynasty's downfall. When the revolution occurred in March, 1917, it came as a surprise, however, to all the better Liberals both in the Parliament and in the Army, who had hoped to hold over the breaking up of the machinery of government until the end of the war. There were signs that Germany was suffering from economic troubles, which might injure the morale of her armies, and besides that the few Liberals left in the Government had finally managed with enormous difficulty, to gather supplies of arms and munitions for a strong offensive, which was, they hoped, to bring a final victory to Allied arms. Of late, all the best of Russia had been looking forward to a constitutional government soon; but there was no ill-will towards the sovereign himself and we expected the movement to be purely a palace revolution, which would establish a constitution and a responsible ministry.

The actual crisis was brought on by the folly and blindness of Protopopoff and the Empress, and the confidence of the Emperor in their judgment. At their instigation in a critical moment, the Duma was closed arbitrarily and unexpectedly, and this act was the signal for an uprising which in a few days overthrew the dynasty, obtained the Emperor's abdication and created chaos in the capital. The people possessed of the ideals which always have characterized them, believed implicitly that the millennium had come. The streets were filled for a few days with disorderly crowds, and then as excitement simmered down, by dignified, touching processions, singing hymns and marching with banners from church to church, bowing before their Ikons and thanking Providence for the liberty which was so new. In the Duma at the moment of the Government's upsetting, a few strong men had saved the situation, and had created the provisional Government. They had ideals which they still lived up to, wishing to hold to their contract with the Allies and to keep the machinery of administration and of the armies working to the end.

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There was another organization, however, which no one suspected or thought of in the general excitement, and which had plans of its own. At Stockholm, were the headquarters of the German spy propaganda for Russia established during the war, and from their post of observation the lying German spies who had been watching events, prepared at once to take hold of the Russian situation. One of the first things which happened at the moment of revolution was the suppression of the police all over Russia, since in the people's eyes the police represented all that was worst of our bureaucracy. This suppression meant that frontiers were left open, until after six long days it was realized the enemy was profitting by the situation to send in thousands of spies, propagandists and organizers, who were to do the work of the enemy inside our lines and over our whole country. When this was realized, troops were immediately sent to the frontiers, and passport regulations were again put in force—but the harm had been done and from then on Russia was honeycombed with enemy's agents, who were doing their work systematically in every group where they felt people to be ignorant enough to listen to their tempting theories.

The first I heard of this action was from an officer, a comrade of my husband, whom we knew well, and who chanced to be in Petrograd on leave at the time of the first revolutionary uprising, March, 1917. He with several others rushed to the Duma to volunteer their services to Goutchkoff, the provisionally named War Minister. The first duty given this officer was to take some orders to the press for printing. He told me that he had been the rounds of the typographical bureaus, where he had expected to find no one, knowing that the city's workmen would be all in the streets celebrating the new era of freedom. To his surprise he found all the establishments he visited running at full speed, occupied by busy people, who refused to take the job he offered, because they were occupied printing the "Order No. 1" to the soldiers, and sending it rapidly to the front by special messengers. There the sheets were delivered to the soldiers, instead of the staffs, thus destroying discipline. Propaganda was also being printed, and these groups of printers were in charge of foremen who spoke to their subordinates in German. Captain K—— discovered also that the workmen themselves were mainly foreigners,

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entirely uninterested in the celebrations going on around them, but ready to work overtime. This seemed symptomatic, in view of the well known enthusiasm of the Russian lower class to celebrate a holiday on the slightest excuse. For some time, however, the results of the enemy propaganda in the revolution were not visible, to the average observer, and no demonstrations on the part of propagandists occurred until six or eight weeks after the overthrow of the Imperial Government. I was in Petrograd shortly after the revolution's first upheaval. I had been lunching out one day. Afterwards, when driving home through the streets of the capital to my hotel, I observed to my companion how extraordinarily quiet and well behaved our people were in spite of the entire lack of police. We said to one another that no nation in the world could have stood such a sudden transition with such dignity and idealism, and made good to the same extent. That very afternoon a number of people came in to tea with me, and told how they had passed a procession going down the Nevsky which they felt to have been faked, composed of ragged, slipshod workmen and soldiers, marching in the city's main street carrying black banners on which the mottoes said among other things, "Down with capitalism and the Government!" The passersby had looked on with surprise and interest, but had not joined in, and after its failure to arouse the public, the procession had dissolved and scattered, and the movement for active anarchy was given up for some little time. Then Lenine and Trotzky and other preachers of the new doctrine, were brought into Russia from outside and scattered over the country, preaching what was called "Bolshevism." At first they had small success but soon curiosity brought the passing crowd to a standstill below the summer house perched on the garden wall of the Ksesiensky palace. There, orators of the new persuasion were kept talking from early morning until late at night, and from there propaganda sheets were scattered to the crowd. Nobody as yet felt this doctrine to be a serious danger to the country, and in view of the new rights of free speech no effort was made to suppress the growing strength of this group of German propagandists who were to upset law and order.

In July a second uprising occurred, and at that time General Polovtzoff, Commandant of Petrograd, with the courage which characterized him always, on his own responsi-

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bility arrested twenty-three ringleaders of the Bolsheviki movement. Most of them were aliens. General Polovtzoff had the criminals' headquarters raided. There he found in their coffers German gold, used for paying their agents in Russia or for bribing their victims. Considering that this was sufficient evidence of their enemy origin, General Polovtzoff hoped to see them tried and executed.

Kérensky, who was then beginning to feel his weakness and was trying to cater to the most radical groups, instead of punishing or throwing into prison those who were fighting his régime, set them free and dismissed General Polovtzoff for his treatment of "citizens of the new Russia." After that, in Petrograd, the situation went from bad to worse, and the Government, ever weaker in the hands of the Bolsheviki, finally broke down and let this party take over the power.

Further south, in Kiev, where I spent part of the Summer of 1917, my husband was in command of the cavalry troops of the district. The situation there was very much the same. Cantacuzéne was constantly reporting the Bolshevik development and propaganda, raiding nests where foreigners were always found and captured, and where German propaganda sheets and German money continuously proved the origin and inspiration of a movement. However, in Kiev it was put on a different basis of argument from the line taken in the north. The movement there was called Ukrainian, and it was said national freedom should be gained from great Russia; a separatist movement was inaugurated which would have the same effect of breaking up resistance to the enemy, and weakening Russia's capacity for fight, without antagonizing the workmen of the province. Neither would this nationalist action bring into opposition the group of peasant proprietors, who in the south owned large holdings scattered among the estates of the nobility. The enemy realized a peasant landowner would not stand for any seizure of the land, except that of the nobility, and that workmen living in the better conditions of a gay, sunny, prosperous town where food was plentiful and life cost little, would not be moved by the same arguments as the workmen of the great factory districts of Petrograd. Their method was the same though, that of playing into German hands.

In Kiev all life and property grew less safe as time progressed. There was discontent created and a movement against the central provisional Government in Petrograd.

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To the peasants in general it was preached that the land was theirs by right always, and now it was so by law. They should take it and divide it without waiting for the Constituent Assembly to pass on the measure. To the soldier on the firing-line it was preached that the German in the trench opposite was his brother and wished him well; that he also was discontented with his Government at home and with long fighting and that our men should fraternize with him. It was incidentally passed about, that it would be well if our soldiers went back to their villages to see whether their friends at home, in dividing up the land, did not take the best pieces for themselves, leaving nothing for the soldier who far away might be easily forgotten in the division of property. To the workman it was said the factories belonged to him as much as the land did to the peasantry, and that he was capable of running the machines as he was also the organization with which he had spent his life. It was added that he had been tyrannized over, deprived of his rightful ownership and at whatever cost he must now upset this order of things, and take hold of the factories' administration, or he would be lacking in civic courage; not doing his share in forming the new order of government. Naturally, all these people who could neither read nor write, had never thought before of either power or a duty in these matters, were pleased with such flattery as to their own capacities, and were impressed with a sense of their new duties. They became anxious to show what they could do. Some still held back in loyalty to men or groups who they felt had treated them kindly and been fair towards them always; but little by little all sense of obligation was demolished and our people were inspired with an immense desire to try in practice what in theory sounded so attractive. Gradually the whole country was being prepared for the Bolshevik régime. When the moment came for the overthrow of law and order, the poorer classes almost to a man had been converted either by fair words, or by bribe, or by vodka, to the firm belief that they were within their rights in opposing the whole order of life in Russia and in trying this new thing, which was to bring them the millennium. It appealed not only to their selfishness and desire for material gain and power, but also strongly to their ideals of justice towards the poor and the downtrodden. Equality to all, freedom and rest for those who were weary, peace and bread and

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plenty to the world at large. They had been firmly convinced that after a period of chaos, they were to enter upon an era of prosperity unrivalled till now; and they were to go out soon and convert the whole world to their new religion, abolishing poverty and suffering among the Allies as well as among themselves.

When the Bolsheviki took over the power, for some time they still retained on paper and for use in propaganda, their eloquent theories of justice, truth and beauty—but almost immediately in practice they began to govern as they do today,—destruction, group by group, of everything that made for strength in Russia. First the nobility and the Government circles were made to suffer, and little by little capitalists, business men, the industrials and the shop keepers were sacrificed, together with all the intellectuals of the country. Schools were closed and business was shut down, food became scarce, there was no transportation; tyranny was intense, theft and murder were of constant occurrence, and the whole of Russia sank gradually into the mire, until it reached the low level of today. The people who had been at first led on by their ideals, were held by their self-interest and then debauched by an orgy of blood and alcohol offered to them; finally they were encouraged to believe themselves compromised to a point where return to other ways was impossible. Moral misery stood behind famine, with sickness and exploitation of every variety, until they were an inert mass to be moulded by the will of the tyrants to any deed the latter ordained.

When we left Kiev and went to Petrograd to try and organize our departure, I was surprised to find that while the Bolsheviki had thrown into prison the prominent revolutionaries and members of the provisional Government, they had withdrawn from their irons and given complete freedom such men of the old régime as had been most distinctly of the occult party at court. General Woyekoff, Protopokoff, Mme. Wiroboff, Sheglovitoff were all living at liberty, and they had had their fortunes restored to them. Sheglovitoff who had been the brains of the Rasputin party, was even asked to take a portfolio in the Lénine-Trotzky cabinet, while Mme. Wiroboff, the Empress's evil genius, was established in great luxury in an apartment and was a friend, it turned out, of Trotzky's. I was even told when we were trying to get our passports for abroad and were experiencing

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endless difficulties, that if I wrote a note to this old court favorite, the problem would be solved, since her influence with Trotzky would smooth the way to our receiving the necessary papers. I hesitated to believe this until one day I met Mme. Wiroboff's mother on the street. I stopped to ask her how and where her daughter was, and the old lady said at once she was much better off now than she had been, that she had been liberated and was living at home again; that Mr. Trotzky had been so very kind! But we did not try to use this means to obtain our papers.

. . . . . .

In these days, when everywhere pessimism, blame and accusation are rampant, the strength and beauty of the real Russian ways stand out with a great splendor; and to the American people who have always shown justice and mercy, the appeal of this fine dignity and silence should be great. Such are the people of Russia. I am proud to count myself one of them now, having seen and fully realized the quality and immensity of their greatness.

JULIA CANTACUZÉNE-SPERANSKY.

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SHAKESPERE AND PURITANISM

BY JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON

AMONG the many virtues of Shakespere is the fact that he is never dogmatic or didactic. He never moralizes or preaches save where dramatic fitness requires it, and then it is easy to detect what his own ideas were with reference to such practices by the kind of character he draws. Jacques, in *As You Like It,* is a worn out libertine who moralizes with cynical conceit; Polonius, in *Hamlet,* mouths commonplaces like a dullard, busy-body preacher. Shakespere was too great an artist to debase his art to the formal, conventional level of the Elizabethan school-room or pulpit. He never represented virtue as a policy. He took good and evil as they came. "Without any conscious theory about either art or morals, he instinctively used the darker tints of humanity in such a way as brought its higher and fairer aspects into full relief."

This attitude of mind was out of harmony with the drift of sentiment of the times, which was towards puritanism, so that it becomes a matter of interest to seek to ascertain what Shakespere's views of the new morality were.

The roots of English puritanism may be traced much farther back than is usually thought. This new, austere morality gathered head all through the sixteenth century, so that by the middle of Elizabeth's reign Puritan control was locally widely spread. The magistrates and Church of England clergy, long before the Puritan régime was really in the saddle, were very active in attempting to suppress "certain potvaliant and ludibrious customs," and energetically sought to take the "merry" out of Merry England. For example, the Bishop of Winchester, in 1570, had the license of one John Slifelde to keep an ale-house revoked because he was "detected to have maintained dauncying at his howse the Saboth day, and that in time of divine service."

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In 1595 the court of Quarter Sessions at Exeter declared:

> Church or parish ales, revels, May-games, plays, and such other unlawful assemblies of the people of sundry parishes unto one parish on the Sabbath day *and other times,* is a special cause that many disorders, contempts of law, and other enormities are there perpetrated and committed, to the great profanation of the Lord's 'Saboth,' the dishonour of Almighty God, increase of bastardy and of dissolute life, and of very many other mischiefs and inconveniences to the great hurt of the commonwealth. It was, therefore, ordered that all these assemblies should be abolished on the Sabbath, that there should be no drink used, kept, or uttered upon the Sabbath at any time of the day, nor upon any holiday or festival in the time of divine service or the preaching of the Word, nor at any time in the night season, nor yet that there shall be 'any Mynstralsy of any sort, Dauncying, or suche wanton Dallyances, used at the said May games.'

Similar suppressive legislation may be traced from English local records with increasing frequency through the later years of Elizabeth and the whole reign of James I. As early as 1579 "the habit of singing psalms through the nose, one of the best established traits of puritanism, was already the custom of a typical and miscellaneous body of Englishmen."

If my surmise be a correct one, Sonnet LXVI is to be interpreted as the revolt of the artist against authority. Four plays of Shakespere, *Much Ado About Nothing, Twelfth Night, All's Well That Ends Well,* and *Measure for Measure* clearly exhibit Shakesperes' contempt for puritanism. I have not detected the sentiment in any of his historical plays, but he must have been nettled at Roger Ascham's condemnation of Malory's *Morte d' Arthur* as a tissue of murder and adultery.

Dogberry, in *Much Ado About Nothing,* is manifestly a satire on local Puritan officialdom. This self-reliant, officious, stupid and ignorant constable is obviously meant for a caricature of the puritanically minded local bailiff with which England was getting increasingly familiar. He uses legal phrases and administrative terms interlarded with puritan theological expressions of whose meaning he is totally ignorant in ways so absurd that his speeches are bombastic jargon. Dogberry is the clown of the play, but he is not meant for a clown; he is meant as a caricature of English political puritanism in the days when it was still safe to treat puritanism as a joke.

Thus in the prison scene, where Conrade and Borachio

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are subjected to examination, Dogberry, who conducts the inquisition, asks:

> Masters, do you serve God?
>
> *Conrade:* Yea, sir, we hope.
> *Borachio:*
> *Dogberry:* Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first.

Libel and bribery are confused with "flat burglary" in Dogberry's muddled brain, and when count Claudio is accused of plotting to disgrace Hero, Dogberry exclaims:

> O villian, thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

When Leonato drily thanks Dogberry "for his care and pains" the foolish constable swells with puritanical pride in sense of duty well performed, and piously ejaculates:

> I praise God for you. . . . God save the foundation.

The word "foundation" tells the tale. It was a favorite word on the lips of Calvinists who used it to signify the politico-religious fabric and society it was their aspiration to erect—the Puritan State.

In *Much Ado About Nothing* Shakespere's criticism of puritanism is veiled, and by implication only. The movement itself is not mentioned. But in *Twelfth Night* there is no such reticence. The beautiful Olivia in this play is discovered as a rich young woman in mourning for her deceased brother whom she mourns as a wife might mourn the death of her husband; and who is resolved to wear black for seven years in memory of him. The major domo of her household is Malvolio, an austere, officious, pedantic fellow who highly prides himself for the merit of virtue in the midst of such roysterers as Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

The refined and half Italian culture of Olivia is contrasted with the narrow and bigoted ideals of Malvolio, who is a Puritan. For the Puritans looked upon the culture of the Italian Renaissance then flowing into England like a flood as half pagan and half Catholic, and frivolous dalliance to boot. On the other hand Malvolio's puritanism is sharply contrasted, in Sir Toby Belch, with the cakes and ale and tap-room jests which scandalized the growing sect.

Twelfth Night is Shakespere's most direct attack upon

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puritanism. The direct charge against puritanism is found in Act II. scene 3, where Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are roaring drunk and Malvolio, with high and mighty air, attempts to suppress their boisterousness.

Malvolio: My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches (ribald songs) without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?——

Sir Toby: . . . Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

to which Maria, Olivia's serving woman, adds:

Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of *Puritan.*

Sir Andrew: O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

There is no need to rehearse the plot of this familiar play; how finally Malvolio, when the whole plot comes out, angrily exclaims:

I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

One could afford to laugh at the threat in 1601, and doubtless the pit and the galleries cheered hoarsely at the fun in the play. But Malvolio's threat was not as impotent as it seemed. For, driven frantic by the sarcasm and the ridicule of the Elizabethan authors, the Puritans, temporarily restrained by the Stuarts, forty years later terribly avenged themselves for the ridicule and raillery which they had suffered.

Every student of Shakespere has noticed the change which came over the spirit of Shakespere's dream about 1601, and various explanations have been given for it. Upon the long line of brilliant comedies follow his greatest tragedies: *Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth.* Obviously in those first years of the century the dramatist was in a deeply serious mood. Even the comedies which he wrote, *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure For Measure,* have an under-current of seriousness that is stranger to his earlier comedies. There is ground for thinking that Shakespere was not without disquietude over this tendency of the times. Each of the comedies just mentioned is a rebuke of puritanism. This is certain of *Measure for*

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Measure, and inferentially justified of *All's Well That Ends Well.* Is Helen's gaiety, her wit, her poise, her real virtue an implied satire upon the hypocritic virtues assumed by the Puritans? Is the play wholly a comedy? Comic it undeniably is in parts, even clownish. But is there not an under-current of satire and of sadness because the prudery, the Mrs. Grundyism, the philistinism of the Puritans is already beginning to throw its chilling shadow over life and light and beauty?

Perhaps it is reading too much into this drama so to interpret it. Shakespere possibly may not have felt the menace of puritanism before the death of Elizabeth. But there is no doubt that the accession of James I filled him with grave anxiety for the future of the theatre. The guild of playwrights had no relish for the rule of a king who was notoriously a rigid Calvinist theologian. James I was half a puritan at heart morally, though not politically. One of the first acts of his reign was to forbid the mention of the name of God upon the boards, or even the appearance of the sacred name in the text of any play. At the same time a rigid reform in court manners was instituted. An old and obsolete law was revived which forbade any divorced person to remarry during the lifetime of either principal, under pain of death.

We see Shakespere's views with reference to puritanism most clearly in *Measure For Measure,* where the obsolete law of the Duke points at James I's stringent statute. The play is full of deep and serious thought, and is a study in social psychology and social action. It is positive proof of the grave consideration with which Shakespere viewed the growth of puritanism.

It is significant that *Measure for Measure* is contemporary with the accession of James I. There is certainly intentional parallelism between the first Stuart and Vincentio, the Duke of Vienna, who, like James I moralizes in commonplaces. The plot raises two issues: First, has society a right to regulate morals? secondly, what is meant by morality?

Although the milieu of the drama is nominally abroad, it is evident that Shakespere had London and not Vienna in his mind when he composed it—the gay, luxurious, riotous London of his time. He dwells much upon the corruption of manners in the city, and paints a satirical picture

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which even the Puritans might have accepted. This comes out in certain baser characters: Mrs. Overdone, who practices Mrs. Warren's profession and keeps a brothel in the suburbs; Pompey, a "tapster" or "runner" for her establishment; Froth, a weak and foolish habitué of the place; Elbow, a constable, who battens on crime and vice and anticipates a New York policeman in the Tenderloin district; Lucio, a gentleman rake who knows the ways and windings of the underworld.

Lucio (meeting some friends in the street, and observing Mrs. Overdone approaching):

Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes. I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to——

2 Gentlemen: To what, I pray?
Lucio: Judge.
2 Gentlemen: To three thousand dollars a year.
1 Gentleman: Ay, and more.
Lucio: A French crown more.
1 Gentleman: Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.
Lucio: Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow. Thy bones are hollow.

Obviously the conversation here is about the prevalence of syphilitic diseases.

Further light on this malodorous subject is cast in the conversation in Angelo's house in Act II, scene 1, where Justice Escalus cross-questions Elbow, Froth and Pompey.

Angelo: What are you, sir?
Elbow: He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house which, I think, is a very ill house, too——

. . .

Escalus (to Pompey) What trade are you of, sir?
Pompey: A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.
Escalus: Your mistress' name?
Pompey: Mistress Overdone.
Escalus: Hath she had any more than one husband?
Pompey: Nine, sir; Overdone by the last. . . .
Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.
Escalus: How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?
Pompey: If the law would allow it, sir.
Escalus: But the law will not allow it. . . .

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Pompey: Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

In Act III, scene 2, Elbow, the constable, brings Pompey to prison, and encounters the Duke in disguise of a friar before the prison-gate. Pompey is evidently complaining of the misfortune of his arrest and contending for the legitimacy of his calling.

Elbow: Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard. . . .

Duke: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elbow: Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief, too, sir. For we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock. . . .

Duke: Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd.
The evil that thou causeth to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending?

At this point Lucio appears and asks:

How now, noble Pompey? . . . The trick of it? . . . How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pompey: Troth, sir . . . she is herself in the tub.

Lucio: Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd. . . . Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pompey: Yes, faith, sir. . . .

Elbow: For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio: Well, then, imprison him. . . . Bawd he is, doubtless, and of antiquity, too; bawd-born.

It is quite evident that Shakespere believed in the impracticability of legislating morals, and the impossibility of suppressing vice by statute.

Pompey: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Overdone: What proclamation, man?

Pompey: All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Overdone: And what shall become of those in the city?

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Pompey: They shall stand for seed: they had gone down, too, but that a wise burgher put in for them—

a tart reference to aldermanic graft not foreign to modern cities.

Mrs. Overdone: But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pompey: To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Overdone: Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth. What shall become of me?

Pompey: Come, fear not you. Good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage. There will be pity taken on you. You that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Sure enough Pompey's prophecy comes true. As a former quotation shows, it is not long before Mistress Overdone has a new "hot-house."

Angelo, who is left as regent during the duke's absence, embodies traits of character quite typical of puritanism. He is outwardly a strict moralist, though a hypocrite at heart; he confuses genuine amusement with frivolity and immorality; he is unsympathetic, sombre, with a superficial excess of virtue which is belied by his real character. He is deeply convinced of the power of law to make a community moral; he believes in drastic legislation and strict enforcement of it. To be sure, he is only a Puritan of the codes, and not of dogma; but he is no less a Puritan.

Angelo's priggishness sticks out all over him. His excess of virtue is so great that Justice Escalus is moved to warn him:

> Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.

Clothed with a little brief authority, the Regent's puritanism is inflated with pride and prejudice. Justice Escalus remonstrates. But Angelo believes in the "thorough" policy of puritanism. He means:

> . . . . find good cause to whip them all.

His first act is to revive an obsolete statute providing the death penalty for fornication, which is at first taken with amusement and then with dismay by the denizens of the underworld. Lucio derisively comments:

> This ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves because they are lecherous.

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Under this statute Claudio is arrested and condemned to execution. In this extremity his friend Lucio comes to Claudio's sister Isabella, who has just entered a convent, and beseeches her to intercede with Angelo for her brother's life. The contrast between the natural, tender, genuinely religious and sincerely conscientious Isabella and the hyper-virtuous, unnatural, narrow-minded and insincere Angelo is very striking, and must have been sharply apparent to Shakespere's audience.

In the first interview Angelo is legalistic, obdurate, and makes much parade of virtue and the necessity of public morality.

> It is the law, not I, condemns your brother

he tells Isabella, who remonstrates:

> Who is it that hath died for this offence?
> There's many have committed it.

To this argument based on the frailty of human nature Angelo rejoins:

> The law hath not been dead, though it hath
> slept. . . .
> Your brother dies tomorrow.

Isabella responds by a famous apostrophe:

> . . . . Man, proud man!
> Drest in a little brief authority—

This bold and penetrating speech cuts to the very marrow of Angelo's pretensions. Angelo has the exalted, Calvinistic estimate of himself. He unblushingly calls himself a "saint"—a favorite Puritan word.

With Isabella one leaves the bigotry of Protestant England for the Catholic environment of the convent where Isabella has taken her vows, the atmosphere of which is aureate with the mysticism of Hugo of St. Victor and St. Francis of Assisi. The foil of the best in Roman Catholicism to the baser element in Calvinistic puritanism is here admirably presented. Isabella is imbued with that high and pure religious emotionalism which pervaded many a mediaeval nunnery.

In the second interview Angelo offers to mitigate the penalty to be imposed on Claudio if Isabella will submit to his embrace. All the maiden's modesty, reinforced by her Catholic teaching, revolts against this overture. Not even in order to save her brother's life will she make so base a compromise. Here the mask of virtue is torn from Angelo's

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face and he stands out—he, a Puritan—more depraved than the most profligate of cavaliers. He is not only a hypocrite, but a cad. This caddishness appears in his having the effrontery to say, in defence of his passion, that Isabella is the tempter, he the tempted. Thus he soliloquizes:

> O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint [!]
> With saints doest bait thy hook. . . .
> . . . . Never could the strumpet,
> With all her double vigor, art and nature,
> Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
> Subdues me quite.

Farther on in the dialogue we find Angelo boasting of his "unsoiled name" and the "austereness" of his life, which are typical Puritan pretensions.

The collapse of the virtuous Angelo is the direct theme of *Measure for Measure*. But the indirect and implied theme is the injustice, the futility, the uncharitableness, the hypocrisy, of puritanism.

Triumphant puritanism wreaked its revenge on Shakespere. Jeremy Collier, in 1698, in a famous indictment of the stage, declared that it must be "either reformed or silenced." Nahum Tate, who succeeded Shadwell as poet laureate in 1692, "adapted" his plays to the new propriety, and prudishly eliminated "indelicate" passages in various of the dramas, even going so far as radically to alter the plot, as when he revised *King Lear* so as to make Cordelia marry Edgar instead of dying on Lear's breast. Addison in the *Spectator,* No. 40, vainly protested against such Anthony-Comstockian methods, but they had the approval of Dr. Johnson in the next generation. Tate's puritanical credentials rest on a rhymed version of the Psalms, done in conjunction with another kindred spirit, Brady. Not so well known to posterity is a turgid, moralizing poem by Tate on—syphilis!

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

"A. E."

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

IN all the books on Ireland, considered nationally, socially and economically, that have been written in the past twenty years, two men inevitably are mentioned: Sir Horace Plunkett and "A. E.", whose lawful name is George William Russell. Men of affairs in most parts of the world have heard of them, and I imagine that very few of the people who go to Ireland with any serious purpose fail to visit them. I saw Sir Horace Plunkett receive an ovation from a large audience in New York which would only have been given to him by a people who had some knowledge and appreciation of his work for his country; and I was impressed by the fact that many Americans asked me to tell them something of "A. E." And yet, though the wide world is not ignorant of their worth, it is very likely that they are less generally known in Ireland than some paltry politician with a gift for street-corner rhetoric. Once, in Dublin, I praised Sir Horace Plunkett to a man from the county of Cavan who interrupted me to say that no one in his village had ever heard of Sir Horace. He seemed to imagine that the ignorance of his neighbours proved a demerit in the founder of the co-operative movement in Ireland. Your villagers, said I, may never have heard of Sir Horace Plunkett and are probably very familiar with the names of Mr. Charles Chaplin and Miss Mary Pickford, but does that prove that Mr. Chaplin has done greater work for Ireland than Sir Horace? I am not indifferent to the great merits of Mr. Chaplin. . . . I would go a long way to see him in the movies . . . but I hope that I shall never succumb to this modern shoddy democracy which will not believe that a man possesses quality unless

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his name is printed frequently in the newspapers and is familiarly known to the rabble. It may be that Paudeen, unfit to do more than "fumble in a greasy till," as Mr. Yeats wrote in his bitter poem, "September, 1913," knows little or nothing of Sir Horace Plunkett whose life labors have brought so much of comfort and prosperity to him—but who cares what Paudeen knows? Let him grub in the soil, as God made him to grub, while men of mind and quality look after his affairs. It is sufficient for the knowledgeable minority that *they* know of Sir Horace and realize the value of the great work he has done for his country. A false optimism bids us to believe that "we needs must love the highest when we see it," but a sense of reality convinces us that the highest has to fight harder for recognition than the lowest, and that the way to the throne of heaven passes through Golgotha, the place of a skull.

II

If it be true that Sir Horace Plunkett is less well known to his countrymen than some fellow with flashy wits, it is more certain to be true that his great colleague in co-operation, "A. E.", is still less known to them. It would be difficult for any intelligent person to come into the presence of "A. E." and remain unaware that he is a man of merit. He fills a room immediately and unmistakably with the power of his personality. A tall, bearded, untidy man, with full lips and bulkily built body, he draws attention by his deep, glowing brown eyes. When he speaks, other people listen. If you were to meet him in the street, unaware of his indentity, and he were to ask you for a match with which to light his pipe, you would do more than civilly comply with his request. You would certainly say to yourself, "That's a remarkable man!" It is said, with what verity I cannot say, that Mr. Bernard Shaw and "A. E." met for the first time in a picture-gallery in Dublin, each ignorant of the other's identity, and that they began to talk of Art. They impressed each other so greatly that they continued in argument for a long time, and only, when they parted, did they become known to each other. The mountains nod to each other over the heads of the little hills; and men of merit, even when they are not easily recognized by the multitude, are known to each other. One man of merit may, indeed, belittle another man of merit, as Dr. Johnson

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belittled Fielding, as George Meredith belittled Dickens, as Henry James belittled Ibsen and Thomas Hardy; but at least they are aware of each other.

III

Very often have writers told the story of how Sir Horace Plunkett, a tongue-tied, hesitant man with very delicate health, returned to Ireland after a long stay in America, to begin the Co-operative Movement, and found, in a Dublin shop, keeping accounts for a tea-merchant, a poet and a painter, a mystic who was also an economist with the capacity, as he afterwards proved, to become the ablest journalist in Ireland. This man of multiple energies was George William Russell, who was born in Lurgan, in the County of Armagh, on April 10, 1867. He is two years younger than Mr. Yeats, eleven years younger than Mr. Shaw, and fifteen years younger than Mr. George Moore. The order of these births is significant. Observe how an aloof artist has been succeeded by a furious economist! Mr. Moore, who began life as a realist after the manner, but not after the style, of Zola, and then turned his back on Zola and sought the company of Turgeniev so that he might pursue apt and beautiful words and delicate and elusive thoughts, was followed by Mr. Shaw, who began life by filling his mind with the ideas of Henry George and Karl Marx, and then turned his back on both of them in order that he might consort with Mr. Sidney Webb. Mr. Yeats, with his vague poetry and vaguer mysticism . . . none the less vague because of the curious care for exactness which causes him to count the nine and fifty swans at Coole and the nine bean rows on Innisfree . . . followed Mr. Shaw, and in his turn was followed by "A. E.", so closely connected with economics that a wag, when asked what was the meaning of "A. E."s pen-name, replied "agricultural economist".*

One cannot, however, leave the matter as simply as that. Mr. Shaw likes to think of himself as an economist, but he

* Mr. Darrell Figgis, in his book on "A. E.", explains the pen-name thus: "Wanting at one time a new pen-name, he subscribed himself as Aeon. His penmanship not at all times being of the legiblest, the printer deciphered the first diphthong and set a query for the rest; whereupon the writer, in his proof-sheets, stroked out the query and stood by the diphthong." Since then, however, Mr. Russell has abandoned the diphthong and prints his pen-name as two separate letters.

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is more than an economist; he is John the Baptist pretending to be Karl Marx. "A. E." likes to think of himself as an expert on the price of butter and milk and cows and sheep, but he is more than an expert on these things: he is Blake pretending to be Sir Horace Plunkett . . . or Walt Whitman pretending to be President Wilson. It has always seemed to me that Sir Horace Plunkett and "A. E.", colleagues in a great enterprise, are the embodiment of the peculiarly interwoven strands of Irish character, of that queer mingling of the material and the spiritual in the Irish people which at once allures and astounds the Englishman, accustomed to keeping his materialism and his spirituality in separate compartments. Sir Horace has a neat and unexpected wit, but he does not appear to me to have much feeling for poetry or for any other literature or art. He has respect for these things and will talk on them sometimes with a very peculiar incisiveness, but his interest in them is an outside interest. If he had to choose between a co-operative creamery and the Heroic Legends of Ireland, I do not doubt for a moment that he would choose the co-operative creamery. "A. E.", on the contrary, would choose the Heroic Legends and would give the good reason for so doing that without the Heroic Legends, the co-operative creamery is useless. When "A. E." pleads for the co-operative societies, he does so because he believes that these are part of the means whereby the Irish people will be restored to their ancient stature. Organize your industry, he said to the farmers, so that you may become what your fathers were, fit company for the Shining Ones, for Lugh and Balor and Manannan, the great and brave and beautiful Pagan gods. Each by himself, Sir Horace or "A. E.", might have failed to make much out of the co-operative movement in Ireland, but both together, each possessed of a different, yet complementary, crusading spirit, could not fail to make a happy issue of it. When Garibaldi appealed for recruits for his Thousand, he offered them wounds and death. When Sir Horace Plunkett appealed for helpers in the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, he offered them hard and discouraging labor and poor wages. Mankind, which responds to a noble appeal as readily as it responds to a base appeal, offered its best to both of them. Garibaldi got his Thousand, and Sir Horace Plunkett got his colleagues.

They were diverse in character, and included National-

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ists and Unionists, Catholics and Protestants, peers and peasants. For the first time in Irish history, Irishmen of all classes were united on a matter which had no relationship with passions! There were no angry emotions astir when the I. A. O. S. brought the diverse elements of the Irish entity into accord as there had been when the union of the North and the South was made many years earlier; and consequently the movement could not be split, as that Union was, by the collision of one angry emotion with another. In face of every conceivable discouragement and even of active enmity and in spite of the grave unhealth of Sir Horace himself, the movement grew in strength until now it is indestructible. Chief among the colleagues whom Sir Horace gathered about him was "A. E." Mr. Russell could, without doubt, earn a large income as a journalist if he were to offer his pen to a rich newspaper proprietor . . . his weekly review, the *Irish Homestead,* is the most ably-edited and skilfully-written organ in Ireland . . . and he could probably earn as much as, if not more than, he receives from his Co-operative work if he were to devote himself exclusively to his mystical and poetical writings; but just as Mazzini felt himself compelled to sacrifice his heart's desire, the life of a man of letters, in order to devote himself to a political career which was distasteful to him, so "A. E." felt compelled to hitch his star to Sir Horace Plunkett's wagon, and for many years now he has preached, week after week, the gospel of co-operation to Irish farmers when he would, perhaps, have preferred exclusively to tell stories of the ancient gods and heroes.

IV

But the Co-operative Movement did not absorb the whole of his energies. He is as many-sided a man as William Morris was, almost as many-sided as Leonardo da Vinci. His work on the *Irish Homestead* would seem to be sufficient to employ all the vitality of a healthy, active man, but "A. E." cannot be contained within the pages of a weekly review, and so, while writing four or five pages every week of the finest journalism to be found in the British Islands, he has also produced seven remarkable books and painted many pictures, engaged in political and economic controversy, and sat as a member of the Irish Convention

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which endeavoured, in 1917, to discover a solution of the Irish Problem. In a strange and, to me, incomprehensible book, called *The Candle of Vision,* he has wrought his mysticism to such a pitch of practicality that he is able to offer his readers an alphabet with which to interpret the language of the Gods! It manifests itself in some of his pictures, so that strange, luminous and brightly-coloured creatures are seen shining in some ordinary landscape, creatures that seemed to me, when I first saw them, akin to Red Indians. In everything that he writes and does, there is a consciousness of some spiritual presence, not the spiritual presence of the Christian theology, but that of the Pagan Legends. One night, in his house in Dublin, I drew the attention of a lady to one of "A. E."s. pictures . . . a dark landscape, in the centre of which a very brilliant and beautiful creature was dancing. "A. E." turned to us and said, "That's the one I saw!" and I remembered the story I had been told earlier in the evening, that he saw fairies, that he actually took penny tram-rides from Dublin to go up into the mountains to see the fairies! I do not remember what the lady said, but I remember that she looked exceedingly astonished, and, indeed, I myself felt some astonishment. If Mr. Yeats had said that he had seen a fairy, I should have smiled indulgently and should neither have believed that he had seen one nor that he himself believed that he had seen one. But while I do not believe that "A. E." saw a fairy, otherwise than in his imagination, I am certain that he believes he saw one, not as a creature of the mind, but as one having flesh and blood. He claims no peculiar merit for himself in seeing visions. "There is no personal virtue in me," he writes in *The Candle of Vision,* "other than this that I followed a path all may travel but on which few do journey." He tells his readers how they, too, if they have the wish, may see the things which he has seen, and he gives descriptions of some of his visions. People as incredulous as I am can very easily dispose of "A. E."s visions as the fantasies of a man suffering perhaps from inadequate nourishment . . . for "A. E." was careless about his meals in those days . . . just as I dispose of the visions of St. Catherine of Sienna by attributing them to the feverishness of mind that comes to people who are starving themselves. Here is an account of one of his visions. You are to understand that it is not a dream such

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as you and I have when we are asleep, but something seen by a man who is awake at broad of day, something actual, something that you who read this might also see if you were to follow the path on which he has travelled:

So did I feel one warm summer day lying idly on the hillside, not then thinking of anything but the sunlight, and how sweet it was to drowse there, when, suddenly, I felt a fiery heart throb, and knew it was personal and intimate, and started with every sense dilated and intent, and turned inwards, and I heard first a music as of bells going away, away into that wondrous underland whither, as legend relates, the Danaan gods withdrew; and then the heart of the hills was opened to me, and I knew there was no hill for those who were there, and they were unconscious of the ponderous mountain piled above the palaces of light, and the winds were sparkling and diamond clear, yet full of color as an opal, as they glittered through the valley, and I knew the Golden Age was all about me, and it was we who had been blind to it but that it had never passed away from the world.

The Golden Age is here, at this moment, and all the noble creatures who filled it with chivalry and beauty are crowding about us. We have only to open our eyes and we shall see! . . .

Once, suddenly, I found myself on some remote plain or steppe, and heard unearthly chimes pealing passionately from I know not what far steeples. The earth-breath streamed from the furrows to the glowing heavens. Overhead the birds flew round and round crying their incomprehensible cries, as if they were maddened, and knew not where to nestle, and had dreams of some more enraptured rest in a diviner home. I could see a ploughman lift himself from his obscure toil and stand with lit eyes as if he too had been fire-smitten and was caught into heaven as I was, and knew for that moment he was a god.

It is very vague, the disbeliever feels, and there is nothing in it to make one accept it as a vision of a thing actually seen, rather than fancied; but there can be no doubt of the intensity with which "A. E." believes in the actuality of it. These visions of his form the foundation of his political and economic faith. He advocates co-operative enterprise because he believes in his visions as actual happenings. In a poem, called *Earth Breath,* he says:

From the cool and dark-lipped furrows breathes a dim delight
Through the woodland's purple plumage to the diamond night.
Aureoles of joy encircle every blade of grass
Where the dew-fed creatures silent and enraptured pass.
And the restless ploughman pauses, turns, and, wondering,
Deep beneath his rustic habit finds himself a king.

This verse is obviously a poetical account of the experience he underwent "on some remote plain or steppe," and

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the final couplet of it gives the explanation of his belief in democracy. If he had no faith in the god in man, if he were not certain that "the restless ploughman . . . deep beneath his rustic habit finds himself a king," he would probably offer his allegiance to autocracy and believe in government by a caste; but since he has seen visions and is convinced that there is a god in man, he cannot be other than a democrat. All his political strivings have been directed towards making this "a society where people will be at harmony in their economic life," as he writes in *The National Being,* and "will readily listen to different opinions from their own, will not turn sour faces on those who do not think as they do, but will, by reason and sympathy, comprehend each other, and come at last, through sympathy and affection, to a balancing of their diversities, as in that multitudinous diversity which is the universe, powers and dominions and elements are balanced, and are guided harmoniously by the Shepherd of the Ages." Whether such a world, balanced in that way, can be rightly described as a democracy is not a matter on which I offer any opinion here, though it seems to me to be a very long way from what the common man considers a democracy to be.

V

It is when we come to connect his visions and the beliefs he derives from them with the actual circumstances in which we find ourselves that we begin to be most dubious. "National ideals," he says in *The National Being,* "are the possession of a few people only." That is an argument for aristocracy.

> Yet we must spread them in wide commonalty over Ireland if we are to create a civilisation worthy of our hopes and our ages of struggle and sacrifice to attain the power to build. We must spread them in wide commonalty because it is certain that democracy will prevail in Ireland. The aristocratic classes with traditions of government, the manufacturing classes with economic experience, will alike be secondary in Ireland to the small farmers and the wage-earners in the towns. We must rely on the ideas common among our people, and on their power to discern among their countrymen the aristocracy of character and intellect.

With the deletion of the word "Ireland" and the substitution of the word "America," that quotation might stand just as effectively for the United States as for Ireland. Why is it certain that democracy will prevail in Ireland?

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Because the small farmers and the wage-earners in the towns will take precedence over the aristocracy and the manufacturing classes! I do not follow that argument. I have seen nothing in England or America or Ireland or France to convince me that if the small farmers and the wage-earners in the towns were authoritative they would be any more democratic than the aristocrats or the manufacturing classes. I have seen much to make me feel certain that they will use their authority as implacably in their own interests as any aristocrat or manufacturer ever used or ever will use his. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his book, *Irish Impressions,* produces this argument in favor of peasant proprietorship:

> It may be that international Israel will launch against us out of the East an insane simplification of the unity of Man, as Islam once launched out of the East an insane simplification of the unity of God. If it be so, it is where property is well distributed that it will be well defended. The post of honor will be with those who fight in very truth for their own land.

It is indisputable that a peasant will fight for his own land, the tiny portion which he owns and cultivates, but will he fight for another man's land when that man is unjustly to be bereft of it? There is nothing meritable in a man who fights for his own goods and lands, nor does it seem to me that a peasant will fight for his potato-patch with any greater determination than a shareholder in a railroad will fight for the interest on his capital. There certainly is not anything more noble or chivalrous in the peasant's desire to keep possession of his means of livelihood than there is in that of the Liberty Bondholder. The test of honor is, not what will you do for yourself, but what will you do for other men? The French peasant proprietors, the Pennsylvania Dutch, the Irish peasant proprietors may offer a guarantee of stability to society, but the offer may carry with it obstinate reaction and a gross disregard of the rights of those who are not possessors of land. It will not guarantee the landless man against exploitation in the price of food in times of war and necessity. It offers singularly little hope that "national ideals" will be spread in wide commonalty, if the peasants can help it. "A. E." will urge, perhaps, that while "national ideals are the possession of a few people only," they may be spread in wide commonalty if the "few people" will make the effort to spread them. The soil lies ready for the seed. But what is there in human affairs to

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justify any man in assuming that the mass of men are likely to be long-suffering in idealism? Is it not a fact of human nature that even when the multitude has been stirred to some act of exaltation, the staying power of the multitude has not been sufficient to maintain the exalted mood long enough to render the reactionaries hopeless? Where are the generous ideals of 1914 now? Has not the war that was to end war made war seem more probable? Is not the world at this moment suffering to the point of distraction because the multitude cannot live up to its own ideals long enough to make them practical? " The gods departed," says " A. E.", " the half-gods also, hero and saint after that, and we [i. e. the Irish people] have dwindled down to a petty peasant nationality, rural and urban life alike mean in their externals." But he does not despair. " Yet the cavalcade, for all its tattered habiliments, has not lost spiritual dignity." And he hopes " the incorruptible atom " in us will make us great again. Divine optimism, but what is there in a peasant society to justify it?

VI

Sometimes I say to myself that " A. E." has lived too long and too exclusively in Ireland. He is not free from the mush of sentimentality with which Irishmen regard themselves, this everlasting self-congratulation that Irishmen are not as Englishmen, this smug preoccupation with their own virtues and bland disregard of their vices, this eternal denial that they have any demerits. One has only to listen to people in Dublin prating about the Irish Literary Renascence and then to go and examine the results of it, to discover what a tiny mouse that mountain has produced. If the Irish people are to recover the dignity and the stature of the gods, they must display god-like qualities or prove that they possess them. It is not sufficient to assert that they possess these qualities, at the same time denying them by nagging continually at their neighbors. How can I believe in the god-like quality of my countrymen when Ireland, during the war, seemed to me like an hysterical woman who rushes into the presence of a man bleeding to death and cries, " My God, I've got toothache!" I have wished at times that " A. E." could be removed from the atmosphere of adulation which envelopes him in Dublin, and sent, without letters of introduction, on a tour round the world. He has prob-

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ably travelled less than any other educated man in Ireland. He passes from his home in Rathmines, a suburb of Dublin, to the office of the *Irish Homestead* in Merrion Square, from one centre of adulation to another, with occasional visits to the home of James Stephens, where he meets the same people that visit him on Sunday nights, or to the Hermetic Society, where he meets them again. He is too fine a spirit to be seriously affected by the paltry gabble of the third-rate minds he encounters on most occasions in Dublin, and perhaps it hardly matters that he seldom leaves Dublin and hardly ever leaves Ireland; but even so rare a man as "A. E." must suffer contraction within the narrow limits of Dublin. He has resources that few men possess: a quiet mind, a vivid faith and the love and respect of very dissimilar people. He can turn from the consideration of agricultural prices in the *Irish Homestead* to the esoteric alphabet with which he speaks to the Gods, or he can go off to the wild mountains of Donegal and paint pictures. When painting no longer delights him, he can spend his nights and days in making poems. He is extravagantly generous to young writers, giving greater praise to them sometimes than they deserve, giving less of criticism than is necessary. There are minor poets in Dublin, authors of thin books of thin verse, who have persuaded themselves, because of "A. E's." praise, that they are more meritable than they are. There are people in Dublin who seem to believe that Ireland has produced a greater literature than England and will denounce you as a traitor to your country if you protest that she cannot show poets of the stature of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, with the exception of Mr. Yeats. I am the sort of patriot who would like to see his country raise herself to the level of other countries, but I am not the sort of patriot who will pretend that she is on the level of England and France and Germany when, in fact, she is far below it. "A. E." is not entirely free from blame for this. He could have given Ireland a sense of proportion, had he cared to do so.

VII

In the room in which I am writing this article, there is a picture by "A. E." It shows an ascending road on the side of a mountain. There is rain in the air, and the road has a

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lonely, unfrequented look. Yet, though there is no living creature visible in the picture, Life fills it. I feel sometimes when I sit back in my chair and look at "The Mountain Road" that there are divine beings behind the bushes, that if I could only climb up that road and turn the corner of the mountain, I should come upon the Golden Age. Is it not ungracious to make complaint, even if the complaint be a slight one, of a man who can make the invisible world so powerfully felt as that? And if he persuades me, by nature sceptical, almost to believe in the Shining Ones, how much more strong must his influence be on those who are eager to believe! When the evil temper which possesses Ireland at this moment has subsided, the fine temper of "A. E." will rise again and call Irishmen to a kindlier mood. The little town of Lurgan, in which he was born, is notorious in Ulster for the harshness of its religious dissensions. A base bigotry flourishes there. It is in the nature of things that from a place of great bitterness should have come a man of reconciliation, bidding Catholic and Protestant to meet, not in Geneva or in Rome, but on the holy hills of Ireland, under the protection of the ancient gods.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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MANY SWANS

Sun Myth of the North American Indians

BY AMY LOWELL

[NOTE.—*"Many Swans" is based upon a Kathlamet legend, the main theme and many of the episodes of which I have retained, while at the same time augmenting and freely departing from it in order to gain a wider symbolism. Four of the songs in my poem are real Indian songs, one is an adaptation, the others are merely in the Indian idiom. In the interest of atmospheric truth, I have felt at liberty to make occasional use of Indian expressions and turns of thought, and I here wish to record my gratitude to that small body of indefatigable workers in that field of Indian folk-lore and tradition whose careful and exact translations of Indian texts have made them accessible to those who, like myself, have not the Indian tongues.—A. L.*]

When the Goose Moon rose and walked upon a pale sky, and water made a noise once more beneath the ice on the river, his heart was sick with longing for the great good of the sun. One Winter again had passed, one Winter like the last. A long sea with waves biting each other under grey clouds, a shroud of snow from ocean to forest, snow mumbling stories of bones and driftwood beyond his red fire. He desired space, light; he cried to himself about himself, he made songs of sorrow and wept in the corner of his house. He gave his children toys to keep them away from him. His eyes were dim following the thin sun. He said to his wife: "I want that sun. Some day I shall go to see it." And she said: "Peace, be still. You will wake the children."

So he waited, and the Whirlwind Moon came, a crescent—mounted, and marched down beyond the morning, and was gone. Then the Extreme Cold Moon came and shone, it mounted, moved night by night into morning and faded through day to darkness. He watched the Old Moon pass, he saw the Eagle Moon come and go. Slowly the moons wound across the snow, and many nights he could not see them, he could only hear the waves raving foam and fury until dawn.

Now the Goose Moon told him things, but his blood lay sluggish within him until the moon stood full and apart in the sky. His wife asked why he was silent. "I have wept my eyes dry," he answered. "Give me my cedar bow and my two-winged arrows with the copper points. I will go into the forest and kill a moose, and bring fresh meat for the children."

All day he stalked the forest. He saw the marks of bears' claws on the

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trees. He saw the wide tracks of a lynx, and the little slot-slot-of a jumping rabbit, but nothing came along. Then he made a melancholy song for himself: "My name is Many Swans, but I have seen neither sparrow nor rabbit, neither duck nor crane. I will go home and sit by the fire like a woman and spin cedar bark for fish-lines."

Then silver rain ran upon him through the branches from the moon, and he stepped upon open grass and laughed at the touch of it under his foot. "I will shoot the moon," he thought, "and cut it into cakes for the children."

He laid an arrow on his bow and shot, and the copper tip made it shine like a star flying. He watched to see it fall, but it did not. He shot again, and his arrow was a bright star until he lost it in the brilliance of the moon. Soon he had shot all his arrows, and he stood gaping up at the moonshine wishing he had not lost them.

Then Many Swans laughed again because his feet touched grass, not snow. And he gathered twigs and stuck them in his hair, and saw his shadow like a tree walking there. But something tapped the twigs, he stood tangled in something. With his hand he felt it, it was the feather head of an arrow. It dangled from the sky, and the copper tip jangled upon wood and twinkled brightly. This—that—and other twinkles, pricking against the soft flow of the moon, and the wind crooned in the arrow-feathers and tinkled the bushes in his hair.

Many Swans laid his hand on the arrow and began to climb—up—up—a long time. The earth lay beneath him wide and blue, he climbed through white moonlight and purple air until he fell asleep from weariness.

Sunlight struck sidewise on a chain of arrows, below were cold clouds above a sky blooming like an open flower and he aiming to the heart of it. Many Swans saw that up was far, and down was also far, but he cried to himself that he had begun his journey to the sun. Then he pulled a bush from his hair, and the twigs had leaved and fruited, and there were salmon-berries dancing beneath the leaves. "My father, the sun, is good," said Many Swans, and he eat the berries and went on climbing the arrows into the heart of the sky.

He climbed till the sun set and the moon rose, and at midmost moon he fell asleep to the sweeping of the arrow-ladder like a cradle in the wind.

When dawn struck gold across the ladder, he awoke. "It is Summer," said Many Swans, "I cannot go back, it must be more days down than I have travelled. I should be ashamed to see my children, for I have no meat for them." Then he remembered the bushes, and pulled another from his hair, and there were blue huckleberries shining like polished wood in the midst of leaves. "The sun weaves the seasons," thought Many Swans, "I have been under and over the warp of the world, now I am above the world," and he went on climbing into the white heart of the sky.

Another night and day he climbed, and he eat red huckleberries from his last bush, and went on—up and up—his feet scratching on

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the ladder with a great noise because of the hush all round him. When he reached an edge he stepped over it carefully, for edges are thin and he did not wish to fall. He found a tall pine-tree by a pond. "Beyond can wait," reasoned Mary Swans, "this is surely a far country." And he lay down to sleep under the pine-tree, and it was the fourth sleep he had had since he went hunting moose to bring meat to his family.

The shadow crept away from him, and the sun came and sat upon his eyelids, so that by and by he opened them and rubbed his eyes because a woman stared at him, and she was beautiful as a salmon leaping in Spring. Her skirt was woven of red and white cedar bark, she had carved silver bracelets and copper bracelets set with haliotis shell, and earrings of sharks' teeth. She sparkled like a river salmon, and her smile was water tipping to a light South breeze. She pleased the heart of Many Swans so that fear was not in him, only longing to take her for himself as a man does a woman, and he asked her name. "Grass-Bush-and-Blossom is my name," she answered, "I am come after you. My grandmother has sent me to bring you to her house." "And who is your grandmother?" asked Many Swans. But the girl shook her head, and took a pinch of earth from the ground and threw it toward the sun. "She has many names. The grass knows her, and the trees, and the fishes in the sea. I call her 'grandmother,' but they speak of her as 'The-One-Who-Walks-All-Over-the-Sky.'" Many Swans marvelled and said nothing, for things are different in a far country.

They walked together, and the man hungered for the woman and could not wait. But he said no word, and he eat up her beauty as though it were a ripe foam-berry and still went fasting until his knees trembled, and his heart was like hot dust, and his hands ached to thrust upon her and turn her toward him. So they went, and Many Swans forgot his wife and children and the earth hanging below the sharp edge of the sky.

* * *

The South wind sat on a rock and never ceased to blow, locking the branches of the trees together; a flock of swans rose out of the South-East, one and seven, making strange, changing lines across a smooth sky. Wild flax-blossoms ran blue over the bases of black and red totem poles. The colours were strong as blood and death, they rattled like painted drums against the eyesight. "*Many Swans!*" said the girl and smiled. "Blood and death," drummed the totem poles. "Alas!" nodded the flax. The man heeded nothing but the woman and the soles of his feet beating on new ground.

The houses were carved with the figures of the Spring Salmon. They were carved in the form of a rainbow. Hooked noses stood out above doorways; crooked wooden men crouched, frog-shaped, gazing under low eaves. It was a beautiful town, ringing with colours, singing brightly, terribly, in the smooth light. All the way was sombre and gay, and the man walked and said nothing.

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They came to a house painted black and carved with stars. In the centre was a round moon with a door in it. So they entered and sat beside the fire, and the woman gave the man fish-roes and gooseberries, but his desire burnt him and he could not eat.

Grass-Bush-and-Blossom saw his trouble, and she led him to a corner and showed him many things. There were willow arrows and quivers for them. There were mountain-goat blankets and painted blankets of two elkskins, there were buffalo skins, and dressed buckskins, and deerskins with young, soft hair. But Many Swans cared for nothing but the swing of the woman's bark skirt, and the sting of her loveliness which gave him no peace.

Grass-Bush-and-Blossom led him to another corner, and showed him crest helmets, and wooden armour; she showed him coppers like red rhododendron blooms, and plumes of eagles' wings. She gave him clubs of whalebone to handle, and cedar trumpets which blow a sound cool and sweet as the noise of bees. But Many Swans found no ease in looking save at her arms between the bracelets, and his trouble grew and pressed upon him until he felt strangled.

She led him farther and showed him a canoe painted silver and vermilion with white figures of fish upon it, and the gunwales fore and aft were set with the teeth of the sea-otter. She lifted out the paddles, the blades were shaped like hearts and striped with fire-hues. She said, "Choose. These are mine and my grandmother's. Take what you will." But Many Swans was filled with the glory of her standing as a young tree about to blossom, and he took her and felt her sway and fold about him with the tightness of new leaves. "This"—said Many Swans, "this—for am I not a man!" So they abode and the day ran gently past them, slipping as river water, and evening came, and someone entered, darkening the door.

Then Grass-Bush-and-Blossom wrapped her cedar-bark skirt about her and sprang up, and her silver and copper ornaments rang sweetly with her moving. The-One-Who-Walks-All-Over-the-Sky looked at Many Swans. "You have not waited," she said. "Alas! It is an evil beginning. My son, my son, I wished to love you." But he was glad and thought: "It is a querulous old woman, I shall heed her no more than the snapping of a fire of dead twigs."

The old woman went behind the door and hung up something. It pleased him. It was shining. When he woke in the night, he saw it in the glow of the fire. He liked it, and he liked the skins he lay on and the woman who lay with him. He thought only of these things.

In the morning, the old woman unhooked the shining object and went out, and he turned about to his wife and said sharp, glad words to her and she to him, and the sun shone into the house until evening, and in the night again he was happy, because of the thing that glittered and flashed and moved to and fro, clashing softly on the wall.

The days were many. He did not count them. Every morning the old woman took out the shining thing, and every evening she brought

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it home, and all night it shone and cried "Ching-a-ling" as it dangled against the wall.

Moons and moons went by, no doubt. Many Swans did not reckon them out. Was there an earth? Was there a sky? He remembered nothing. He did not try. And then one day, wandering along the street of carved houses, he heard a song. He heard the beat of rattles and drums, and the shrill humming of trumpets blown to a broken rhythm:

"Haiōō'a! Haiōō!
Many salmon are coming ashore,
They are coming ashore to you, the post of our heaven,
They are dancing from the salmon's country to the shore.
I come to dance before you at the right-hand side of the world,
overtowering, outshining, surpassing all. I, the Salmon!
Haiōō'a! Haiōō!"

And the drums rumbled like the first thunder of a year, and the rattles pattered like rain on flower petals, and the trumpets hummed as wind hums in round-leafed trees; and people ran, jumping, out of the Spring Salmon house and leapt to the edge of the sky and disappeared, falling quickly, calling the song to one another as they fell so that the sound of it continued rising up for a long time.

Many Swans listened, and he recollected that when the Spring Salmon jump, the children say: "Ayuu! Do it again!" He thought of his children and his wife whom he had left on the earth, and wondered who had brought them meat, who had caught fish for them, and he was sad at his thoughts and wept, saying: "I want to shoot birds for my children. I want to spear trout for my children." So he went back to his house, and his feet dragged behind him like nets drawn across sand.

He lay down upon his bed and grieved, because he had no children in the sky, and because the wife of his youth was lost to him. He would not eat, but lay with his head covered and made no sound.

Then Grass-Bush-and-Blossom asked him: "Why do you grieve?" But he was silent. And again she said: "Why do you grieve?" But he answered nothing. And she asked him many times, until at last he told her of his children, of his other wife whom he had left, and she was pitiful because she loved him.

When the old woman came, she also said: "What ails your husband that he lies there saying nothing?" And Grass-Bush-and-Blossom answered: "He is homesick. We must let him depart."

Many Swans heard what she said, and he got up and made himself ready. Now the old woman looked sadly at him. "My son," she said, "I told you it was a bad beginning. But I wish to love you. Choose among these things what you will have and return to your people."

Many Swans pointed to the shining thing behind the door and said, "I will have that." But the old woman would not give it to him. She offered him spears of bone, and yew bows, and arrows winged with ducks' feathers. But he would not have them. She offered him strings of blue and white shells, and a copper canoe with a

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stern-board of copper and a copper bailer. He would not take them. He wanted the thing that glittered and cried "Ching-a-ling" as it dangled against the wall. She offered him all that was in the house. But he liked that great thing that was shining there. When that thing turned round it was shining so that one had to close one's eyes. He said: "That only will I have." Then she gave it to him saying: "You wanted it. I wished to love you, and I do love you." She hung it on him. "Now go home."

Many Swans ran swiftly, he ran to the edge of the sky, there he found the ladder of the rainbow. He put his foot on it and went down, and he felt strong and able to do anything. He forgot the sky and thought only of the earth.

Many Swans made a song as he went down the rainbow ladder. He sang with a loud voice:

"I will go and tear to pieces Mount Stevens, I will use it for stones for my fire.
I will go and break Mount Qa-tsta-is, I will use it for stones for my fire."

All day and all night he went down, and he was so strong he did not need to sleep. The next day he made a new song. He shouted it with a great noise:

"I am going all round the world,
I am at the centre of the world,
I am the post of the world,
On account of what I am carrying in my hand."

This pleased him, and he sang it all day and was not tired at all.

Four nights and days he was going down the ladder, and every day he made a song, and the last was the best. This was it!

"Oh wonder! He is making a turmoil on the earth.
Oh wonder! He makes the noise of falling objects on the earth.
Oh wonder! He makes the noise of breaking objects on the earth."

He did not mean this at all, but it was a good song. That is the way with people who think themselves clever. Many Swans sang this song a great many times, and on the fourth day, when the dawn was red, he touched the earth and walked off upon it.

* * *

When Many Swans arrived on the earth, he was not very near his village. He stood beneath a sea-cliff, and the rocks of the cliff were sprinkled with scarlet moss as it might have been a fall of red snow, and lilac moss smouldered between boulders of pink granite. Far out, the sea sparkled all colours like an abalone shell, and red fish sprang from it—one and another, over its surface. As he gazed, a shadow slipped upon the water, and, looking up, he saw a raven flying and overturning as it flew. Red fish, black raven—blood and death—but Many Swans called "Haiohō-hō!" and danced a long time on the sea-sand because he felt happy in his heart.

He heard a robin singing, and as it sang he walked along the shore and counted his fingers for the headlands he must pass to reach home. He saw the canoes come out to fish, he said the names of

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his friends who should be in them. He thought of his house and the hearth strewn with white shells and sand. When the canoes of twelve rowers passed, he tried to signal them, but they went by too far from land. The way seemed short, for all day he told himself stories of what people would say to him. "I shall be famous, my fame will reach to the ends of the world. People will try to imitate me. Every one will desire to possess my power." So Many Swans said foolish things to himself, and the day seemed short until the evening when he came in sight of his village.

At the dusky time of night, he came to it, and he heard singing, so he knew his people were having a festival. He could hear the dance-sticks clattering on the cedar boards and the moon-rattles whirling, and he could see the smoke curling out of the smoke-holes. Then he shouted very much and ran fast, but as he ran, the thing which he carried in his hands shook and cried: "We shall strike your town." Then Many Swans went mad; he turned, swirling like a great cloud, he rose as a pillar of smoke and bent in the wind as smoke bends, he streamed as bands of black smoke, and out of him darted flames, red-mouthed flames, so that they scorched his hair. His hands were full of blood, and he yelled "Break! Break! Break! Break!" and did not know whose voice it was shouting.

There was a tree, and a branch standing out from it, and fire came down and hung on the end of the branch. He thought it was copper which swung on the tree, because it twirled and had a hard edge. Then it split as though a wedge had riven it, and burst into purple flame. The tree was consumed, and the fire leapt laughing upon the houses and poured down through the roofs upon the people. The flame-mouths stuck themselves to the houses and sucked the life from all the people, the flames swallowed themselves and brought forth little flames which ran a thousand ways like young serpents just out of their eggs, till the fire girdled the village and the water in front curdled and burned like oil.

Then Many Swans knew what he had done, and he tried to throw away his power which was killing everybody. But he could not do it. The people lay there dead, and his wife and children among the dead people. His heart was sick, and he cried: "The weapon flew into my hands with which I am murdering," and he tried to throw it away, but it stuck to his flesh. He tried to cut it apart with his knife, but the blade turned and blunted. He cried bitterly: "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!" and tried to break what he wore on a stone, but it did not break. Then he cut off his hair and blackened his face, and turned inland to the spaces of the forest, for his heart was dead with his people. And the moon followed him over the tops of the trees, but he hated the moon because it reminded him of the sky.

* * *

A long time Many Swans wandered in the forest. White-headed eagles flew over the trees and called down to him: "There is the man who killed everybody." By night the owls hooted to

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each other: "The man who sleeps has blood on him, his mouth is full of blood, he let loose his power on his own people." Many Swans beat upon his breast and pleaded with the owls: "You with ears far apart who hear everything, you the owls, it was not I who killed but this evil thing I carry and which I cannot put down." But the owls laughed, shrill, mournful, broken laughs, repeating the words they had said, so that Many Swans could not sleep and in the morning he was so weak he shook when he walked.

He walked among pines which flowed before him in straight, opening lines like water, and the wind in the pine-branches wearied his soul as he heard it all day long. At first he eat nothing, but when he stumbled and fell for faintness he gathered currants and partridge-berries and so made his feet carry him on.

He came to a wood of red firs where fire had been before him. The heartwood of the firs was all burnt out, but the trees stood on stilts of sapwood and mocked the man who slew with fire.

He passed through woods of spear-leaf trees, with sharp vines head-high all about them. He thrust the thing he carried into the vines and tried to let go of it, but it would not stay tangled and came away in his hand.

He heard beavers drumming with their tails on water, and saw musk-rats building burrows with the stalks of wild rice in shoal water, but they scattered as he came near. The little animals fled before him in fear, chattering to each other. Even the bears deserted the huckleberry bushes when they heard the fall of his foot, so that he walked alone. Above him, the waxwings were catching flies in the spruce-tops, they were happy because it was Summer and warm, they were the only creatures too busy to look down at the man who moved on as one who never stops, making his feet go always because there was nothing else to do.

By and by the trees thinned, and Many Swans saw beyond them to a country of tall grass. He rested here some time eating fox-grapes and blackberries, for indeed he was almost famished, and weary with the sickness of solitude. He thought of the ways of men, and hungered after speech and comforting. But he saw no man, and the prairie frightened him, rolling endlessly to the sky.

At last his blood quickened again, and the longing for people beat a hard pulse in his throat so that he rose and went on, seeking where he might find men. For days he sought, following the trails of wild horses and buffalo, tripping among the crawling pea-vines, bruised and baffled, blind with the sharp shimmer of the grass.

Then suddenly they came, riding out of the distance on both sides of him. These men wore eagle-plume bonnets, and their horses went so fast he could not see their legs. They ran glittering toward one another, whooping and screaming, and the horses' tails streamed out behind them stiffly like bunches of bones. Each man lay prone on his horse and shot arrows, hawk-feathered arrows, owl-feathered arrows, and they were terrible in swiftness because the feathers had not been cut or burned to make them low.

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The arrows flew across one another like a swarm of grasshoppers leaping, and the men foamed forward as waves foam at a double tide.

They came near, bright men, fine as whips, striding lithe cat horses. One rode a spotted horse, and on his head was an upright plume of the tail-feathers of the black eagle. One rode a buckskin horse, long-winded and chary as a panther. One rode a sorrel horse painted with zigzag lightnings. One rode a clay-coloured horse, and the figure of a kingfisher was stamped in blue on its shoulder. Wildcat running horses, and their hoofs rang like thunder-drums on the ground, and the men yelled with brass voices:

"We who live are coming.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We are coming to kill.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We are coming with the snake arrows,
We are coming with the tomahawks
Which swallow their faces.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We will hack our enemies.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We will take many scalps.
Ai-ya-ya-yai!
We will kill—kill—kill—till every one is dead.
Ai-ya-ya-ya-yai!"

Many Swans lay in a buffalo wallow and hid, and a white fog slid down from the North and covered the prairie. For a little time he heard the war-whoops and the pit-pit of hitting arrows, and then he heard nothing, and he lay beneath the cold fog hurting his ears with listening. When the sky was red in the evening and the fog was lifted, he shifted himself and looked above the grass. "Alas!" Alas!" wept Many Swans, "the teeth of their arrows were like dogs' teeth. They have devoured their enemies." For nobody was there, but the arrows were sticking up straight in the ground. Then Many Swans went a long way round that place for he thought that the stomachs of the arrows must be full of blood. And so he went on alone over the prairie, and his heart was black with what he had seen.

* * *

A stream flowed in a sunwise turn across the prairie, and the name of the stream was "Burnt Water," because it tasted dark like smoke. The prairie ran out tongues of raw colors—blue of camass, red of geranium, yellow of parsley—at the young green grass. The prairie flung up its larks on a string of sunshine, it lay like a catching-sheet beneath the black breasts balancing down on a wind, calling "See it! See it! See it!" in little round voices.

Antelope and buffalo,
Threading the tall green grass they go,
To and fro, to and fro.
And painted Indians ride in a row,
With arrow and bow, arrow and bow,
Hunting the antelope, the buffalo.
Truly they made a gallant show

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Across the prairie's bright green flow,
Warriors painted indigo,
Brown antelope, black buffalo,
Long ago.

* * *

Now when he heard the barking of dogs, and saw the bundles of the dead lashed to the cottonwood trees, Many Swans knew that he was near a village. He stood still, for he dared not go on because of the thing which he had with him. He said to himself, "My mind is not strong enough to manage it. My mind is afraid of it." But he longed to speak with men, and so he crept a little nearer until he could see the painted tepees standing in the edge of the sunshine, and smell the smoke of dried sweet grass. Many Swans heard the tinkling of small bells from the buffalo tails hung on the tepees, he saw the lodge ears move gently in the breeze. He heard talk, the voices of men, and he cried aloud and wept, holding his hands out toward the village.

Then the thing which he was carrying shook, and said: "We shall strike that town." Many Swans heard it, and he tried to keep quiet. He tried to throw the thing down, but his hands closed. He could not keep his mind, and his senses flew away so that he was crazy. He heard a great voice shouting: "Break! Break! Break! Break!" but he did not know that it was his own voice.

Back over the prairie sprang up a round cloud, and fire rose out of the heart of the grass. The reds and yellows of the flowers exploded into flame, showers of sparks rattled on the metal sky, which turned purple and hurtled itself down upon the earth. Winds charged the fire, lashing it with long thongs of green lightning, herding the flames over the high grass; and the fire screamed and danced and blew blood whistles, and the scarlet feet of the fire clinked a tune of ghost-bells on the shells of the dry cane brakes. Animals ran—ran—ran—and were overtaken, shaken grass glittered up with a roar and spilled its birds like burnt paper into the red air. The eagle's wing melted where it flew, the hills of the prairie grew mountain-high, amazed with light, and were obscured. The people in the village ran—ran—and the fire shot them down with its red and gold arrows and whirled on, crumpling the tepees so that the skins of them popped like corn. Then the bodies of the dead in the trees took fire with a hard smoke, and the burning of the cottonwoods choked Many Swans as he fled. His nostrils smelt the dead, and he was very sick and could not move. Then the fire made a ring round him, and he stood in the midst by the Burnt River and wrung his hands until the skin tore. He took the thing he wore and tried to strip it off in the fork of a tree, but it did not come off at all. He cried: "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!" and leapt into the river and tried to drown the thing, but when he rose it rose with him and came out of the water gleaming so that its wake rippled red and silver a long way down the stream.

Then Many Swans lamented bitterly and cried: "The thing I wanted is bad," but he had the thing and he could not part from it. He rolled in the stones and the bushes to scrape it off, but it clung

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to him and grew in his flesh like hair. Therefore Many Swans dragged himself up to go on, although the heat of the burnt grass scorched his feet and everything was dead about him. He heard nothing, for there was nobody to mock any more.

* * *

Mist rises along the river bottoms, and ghost-voices hiss an old death-song to a false, faint tune. The branches of willows beat on the moon, pound, pound, with a thin, far sound, shaking and shrilling the wonder tale, the thunder tale, of a nation's killing:

The Nation's drum has fallen down.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
Ashes are the grass of a lodge-pole town.
Rattle—rattle—on a moon that is sinking.
Out of the North come drift winds wailing.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
In the frost-blue West, a crow is ailing.
The streams, the water streams, are shrinking!

He gave an acre and we gave him brass.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
Beautiful and bitter are the roses in the grass.
Rattle—rattle—on a moon that is sinking.
A knife painted red and a knife painted black.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
Green mounds under a hackmatack.
The streams, the water streams, are shrinking!

Is there Summer in the Spring? Who will bring the South?
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
Shall honey drop from the green snake's mouth?
Rattle—rattle—on a moon that is sinking.
A red-necked buzzard in an incense tree.
Beat—beat—and a double beat!
And a poison leaf from Gethsemane.
The streams, the water streams, are shrinking.

* * *

Now Many Swans walked over cinders, and there was no sprig or root that the fire had left. Therefore he grew weaker day by day, and at night he lay awake tortured for food, and he prayed to the Earth, saying: "Mother Earth have pity on me and give me to eat," but the ears of the Earth were stopped with cinders. Then, after five sleeps, suddenly before him grew a bush of service-berries which the fire had not taken. Many Swans gathered the berries and appeased his hunger. He said: "The berries that grow are blessed, for now I shall live." Yet he knew that he did not want to live, only his hunger raged fiercely within him and he could not stand against it. He took cinders and powdered them, and mixed them with river water, and made his body black, and so he set his back to the river and his face to the mountains and journeyed on.

Up and over the Backbone-of-the-World went Many Swans. Above the peaks of solitude hang the winds of all directions, and because

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there are a multitude of winds they can hold fire and turn it. Therefore Many Swans felt leaves once more about his face, and the place was kind to his eyes with laurels, and quaking aspens, and honeysuckle trees. All the bushes and flowers were talking, but it was not about Many Swans. The oaks boasted of their iron sinews: "Fire is a plaything, a ball to be tossed and flung away," and they rustled their leaves and struck their roots farther into the moist soil. The red firs stirred at the challenge: "In Winter your leaves are dry," they called to the oaks, "then the fire-bear can eat you. But our leaves are never dry. They are whips to sting the lips of all fires." But the cedars and the pines said nothing, for they knew that nobody would believe them if they spoke.

Now when the hemlocks ran away from him, and the cold rocks glittered with snow, Many Swans knew that he stood at the Peak of the World, and again the longing for men came upon him. "I will descend into a new country," he said. "I will be very careful not to swing the sacred implement, truly it kills people so that they have no time to escape." He thought he could do it, he believed himself, and he knew no rest because of his quest for men.

There was no way to find, but Many Swans went down through the firs, and the yellow pines, and the maples, to a white plain which ran right, and left, and forward, with only a steep sky stopping it very far off; and the sun on the plain was like molten lead pressing him down and his tongue rattled with thirst. So he lifted himself against the weight of the sun and wished a great wish for men and went on with his desire sobbing in his heart.

To the North was sand, to the East was sand, to the West was sand, to the South was sand, and standing up out of the sand the great flutes of the cactus-trees beckoned him, and flung their flowers out to tempt him—their wax-white flowers, their magenta flowers, their golden-yellow flowers perking through a glass-glitter of spines; all along the ridges of the desert they called to him and he knew not which way to turn. He asked a humming-bird in a scarlet trumpet-flower, and the humming-bird answered: "Across the sunset to the Red Hills." The sun rose and set three times, and again he knew not where to go, so he asked a gilded flicker who was clicking in a giant cactus. And the flicker told him: "Across the sunset to the Red Hills." But when, after many days, he saw no hills, he thought "The birds deceived me," and he asked a desert lily: "Where shall I find men?" And the lily opened her green-and-blue-veined blossom, and discovered the pure whiteness of her heart. "Across the desert to the Red Hills," she told him, and he believed her, and, on the ninth morning after, he saw the hills, and they were heliotrope and salmon, and as the sun lifted, they were red, and when the sun was in the top of the sky, they were blood scarlet. Then Many Swans lay and slept, for he did not wish to reach the hills at nightfall lest the people should take him for an enemy and kill him.

* * *

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In the morning, Many Swans got up and made haste forward to the hills, and soon he was among cornfields, and the rows of the cornfields were newly plowed and from them there came a sound of singing. Then Many Swans felt the fear come upon him because of the thing he loathed and yet carried, and he thought: "If it should kill these people!" The music of the song was so beautiful that he shed tears, but his fears overcame his longing, for already he loved these people who sang in cornfields at dawn. Many Swans hid in a tuft of mesquite bushes and listened, and the words the people were singing were these, but the tune was like a sun wind in the tree-of-green-sticks:

The white corn I am planting,
The white seed of the white corn.
The roots I am planting,
The leaves I am planting,
The ear of many seeds I am planting,
All in one white seed.
Be kind! Be kind!

The blue corn I am planting,
The blue ear of the good blue corn.
I am planting tall rows of corn.
The bluebirds will fly among my rows,
The blackbirds will fly up and down my rows,
The humming-birds will be there between my rows,
Between the rows of blue corn I am planting.

Beans I am planting.
The pod of the bean is in the seed.
I tie my beans with white lightning to bring the thunder,
The long thunder which herds the rain.
I plant beans.
Be kind! Be kind!

Squash-seeds I am planting
So that the ground may be striped with yellow,
Horizontal yellow of squash-flowers,
Horizontal white of squash-flowers,
Great squashes of all colours.
I tie the squash-plants with the rainbow
Which carries the sun on its back.
I am planting squash-seeds.
Be kind! Be kind!

Out of the South, rain will come whirling;
And from the North I shall see it standing and approaching.
I shall hear it dropping on my seeds,
Lapping along the stems of my plants,
Splashing from the high leaves,
Tumbling from the little leaves.

I hear it like a river, running—running—
Among my rows of white corn, running—running—
I hear it like a leaping spring among my blue corn rows,
I hear it foaming past the bean sprouts,
I hear water gurgling among my squashes.
Descend, great cloud-water,
Spout from the mouth of the lightning,
Fall down with the overturning thunder.

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For the rainbow is the morning
When the sun shall raise us corn,
When the bees shall hum to the corn-blossom,
To the bean blossom,
To the straight, low blossoms of the squashes.

Hear me sing to the rain,
To the sun,
To the corn when I am planting it,
To the corn when I am gathering it,
To the squashes when I load them on my back.
I sing and the god people hear,
They are kind.

When the song was finished, Many Swans knew that he must not hurt this people. He swore, and even upon the sacred and terrible thing itself, to make them his safe keeping. Therefore when they returned up the trail to the Mesa, he wandered in the desert below among yellow rabbit-grass and grey iceplants, and visited the springs, and the shrines full of prayer-sticks, and his heart distracted him with love so that he could not stay still.

That night he heard an elf owl calling from a pinyon-tree, and he went to the owl and sought to know the name of this people who sang in the fields at dawn. The owl answered: "Do not disturb me, I am singing a love-song. Who are you that you do not know that this is the land of Tusayan." And Many Swans considered in himself: "Truly I have come a long way."

Four moons Many Swans abode on the plain, eating mesquite pods and old dried nopals, but he kept away from the Mesa lest the thing he had with him should be beyond his strength to hold.

* * *

Twixt this side, twixt that side,
Twixt rock-stones and sage-brush,
Twixt bushes and sand,
Go the snakes a smooth way,
Belly-creeping,
Sliding faster than the flash of water on a bluebird's wing.

Twixt corn and twixt cactus,
Twixt springside and barren,
Along a cold trail
Slip the snake-people.
Black-tip-tongued Garter Snakes,
Olive-blue Racer Snakes,
Whip Snakes and Rat Snakes,
Great orange Bull Snakes,
And the King of the Snakes,
With his high rings of scarlet,
His high rings of yellow,
His double high black rings,
Detesting his fellows,
The Killer of Rattlers.
Rattle—rattle—rattle—
Rattle—rattle—rattle—
The Rattlers,

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The Rattlesnakes.
Hiss-s-s-s!
Ah-h-h!
White Rattlesnakes,
Green Rattlesnakes,
Black-and-yellow Rattlesnakes,
Barred like tigers,
Soft as panthers.
Diamond Rattlesnakes,
All spotted,
Six feet long
With tails of snow-shine.
And most awful,
Heaving wrongwise,
The fiend-whisking
Swift Sidewinders.
Rattlesnakes upon the desert
Coiling in a clump of greasewood,
Winding up the Mesa footpath.
Who dares meet them?
Who dares stroke them?
Who dares seize them?
Rattle—rattle—rattle—
Rattle—rattle—hiss-s-s!

They dare, the men of Tusayan. With their eagle-whips they stroke them. With their sharp bronze hands they seize them. Run—run—up the Mesa path, dive into the kiva. The jars are ready, drop in the rattlers—Tigers, Diamonds, Sidewinders, drop in Bull Snakes, Whip Snakes, Garters, but hang the King Snake in a basket on the wall, he must not see all these Rattlesnakes, he would die of an apoplexy.

They have hunted them toward the four directions. Toward the yellow North, the blue West, the red South, the white East. Now they sit by the sand altar and smoke, chanting of the clouds and the four-coloured lightning-snakes who bring rain. They have made green prayer-sticks with black points and left them at the shrines to tell the snake people that their festival is here. Bang! Bang! Drums! And whirl the thunder-whizzers!

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Hear us!
Carry our words to your Mother.
We wash you clean, Snake Brothers.
We sing to you.
We shall dance for you.
Plead with your Mother
That she send the white and green rain,
That she look at us with the black eyes of the lightning,
So our corn-ears may be double and long,
So our melons may swell as thunder-clouds
In a ripe wind.
Bring wind!
Bring lightning!
Bring thunder!
Strip our trees with blue-rain arrows.
Ho-Ho-hai! Wa-ha-nĕ."

Bang! Bang!

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Over the floor of the kiva squirm the snakes, fresh from washing. Twixt this side, twixt that side, twixt toes and twixt ankles, go the snakes a smooth way, and the priests coax them with their eagle-feather whips and turn them always backward. Rattle—rattle—rattle—snake-tails threshing a hot air. Whizz! Clatter! Clap! Clap! Corn-gourds shaking in hard hands. A band of light down the ladder, cutting upon a mad darkness.

Cottonwood kisi flickering in a breeze, little sprigs of cotton-leaves clapping hands at Hopi people, crowds of Hopi people waiting in the Plaza to see a monstrous thing. Houses make a shadow, desert is in sunshine, priests step out of kiva.

Antelope priests in front of the kisi, making slow leg-motions to a slow time. Turtle-shell knee-rattles spill a double rhythm, arms shake gourd-rattles, goat-toes; necklaces—turquoise and sea-shell—swing a round of clashing. Striped lightning antelopes waiting for the Snake Priests. Red-kilted Snake Priests facing them, going forward and back, coming back and over, waving the snake-whips, chanting a hundred ask-songs. Go on, go back—white—black—red blood-feather, white breath-feather, little cotton-leaf hands clap—clap—- He is at the flap of the kisi, they have given him a spotted rattlesnake. Put him in the mouth, kiss the Snake Brother, fondle him with the tongue.

Tripping on a quick tune, they trot round the square. Rattle—rattle—goat-toes, turtle-shells, snake-tails. Hiss oily snake-mouths, drip wide priest-mouths over the snake-skins, wet slimy snake-skins. "Aye-ya-ha! Ay-ye-he! Ha-ha-wa-ha! Oway-ha!" The red snake-whips tremble and purr. Blur, Plaza, with running priests, with streaks of snake-bodies. The Rain-Mother's children are being honoured. They must travel before the setting of the sun.

* * *

When the town was on a roar with dancing, Many Swans heard it far down in the plain, and he could not contain his hunger for his own kind. He felt very strong because the cool of sundown was spreading over the desert. He said, "I need fear nothing. My arms are grown tough in this place, my hands are hard as a sheep's skull. I can surely control this thing," and he set off up the path to ease his sight only, for he had sworn not to discover himself to the people. But when he turned the last point in the road, the thing in his hands shook, and said: "We shall strike that town."

Many Swans was strong, he turned and ran down the Mesa, but, as he was running, a priest passed him carrying a handful of snakes home. As the priest went by him, the thing in Many Swan's hand leapt up, and it was the King Snake. It was all ringed with red and yellow and black flames. It hissed, and looped, and darted its head at the priest and killed him. Now when the priest was dead, all the snakes he was holding burst up with a great noise and went every which way, twixt this side, twixt that side, twixt upwards, twixt downwards, twixt rock-stone and bunch-

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grass. And they were little slipping flames of hot fire. They went up the hill in fourteen red and black strings, and they were the strings of blood and death. The snakes went up a swift, smooth way and Many Swans went up with them, for he was mad. He beat his hands together to make a drum, and shouted "Break! Break! Break! Break!" And he thought it was the priests above singing a new song.

Many Swans reached the town, but the fire-snakes were running down all the streets. They struck the people so that they died, and the bodies took fire and were consumed. The house windows were hung with snakes who were caught by their tails and swung down vomiting golden stars into the rain-gutters. In one of the gutters was a blue salvia plant, and, as Many Swans passed, it nodded and said "Alas! Alas!" It reminded Many Swans of the flax-flowers in the sky, and his senses came back to him and he tore his clothes and his hair and cried "Ka! Ka! Ka! Ka!" a great many times. Then he beat himself on the sharp rocks and tried to crush the thing he had, but he could not; he tried to split it, but it did not split.

Many Swans saw that he was alone in the world. He lifted his eyes to the thing and cursed it, then he ran to hurl himself over the cliff. Now a boulder curled into the path and, as he turned its edge, The-One-Who-Walks-All-Over-the-Sky stood before him. Her eyes were moons for sadness, and her voice was like the coiling of the sea. She said to him: "I tried to love you; I tried to be kind to your people; why do you cry? You wished for it." She took it off him and left him.

Many Swans looked at the desert. He looked at the dead town. He wept.

AMY LOWELL.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE OTHER LOWELL[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE Lowells are a marvelous clan; for they defy deciduousness and decay and death as if the gnawing tooth of time were a cavity as non-refillable as the empty flagons of the poor. Only last year the National Institute of Arts and Letters watered the asphodels on the grave of our most literary ambassador with a flood of centennial oratory, and it could scarcely have occurred to anyone who was present upon that ecstatically mortuary occasion that the following year would provide an opportunity for reviewing a new book by James Russell Lowell. Yet such is the remarkable and engrossing event.

A new book by Lowell! For many there must be an extraordinary and authentic thrill in the phrase. Yet here it is, indubitably actual, upon the jacket of *The Function of the Poet, and Other Essays,* collected and edited by Mr. Albert Mordell and published the other day by Houghton Mifflin—everything, as you see, unimpeachably respectable and open and above board (though the morbidly curious might ask what that bloodthirsty Freudian, Mr. Mordell, is doing *dans cette galère?*) So here we are again, regarding the sacred fire of the Lowellian genius as it burns upon the altar of the Victorian dead. It is a solemn confrontation: Lowell back again in the arena of American criticism, challenging Professor Matthews and Professor Paul Elmer More and Professor Stuart Sherman and Mr. Brownell and the rest for a chance to demonstrate his continued right to milk the Sacred Cows of the classical tradition—gently elbowing them aside, with all his old humorous urbanity, and preëmpting the best stool and the most shining pail for himself.

[1] *The Function of the Poet, and Other Essays,* by James Russell Lowell. Collected and edited by Albert Mordell. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York.

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There is pathos in the spectacle. If Professor Matthews and Professor More and the others cannot be permitted to function at their priestly task of upholding the Best Traditions without having to meet the competition of the recrudescent dead, it would seem that cruel injustice rules the cosmic roost, after all. For here is the able and popular Mr. Lowell stealing their stuff, and, we have no doubt, playing to full houses with it, too. Even though Professor Matthews, with the most exquisite and gallant courtesy, has, in the *Times,* welcomed him back to the academic bosom, it is impossible to repress a pang of sympathy in response to the implications of the case. You find Mr. Lowell noting that the tales of Henry James are without an obvious moral; rejoicing that Mr. James confines his expression of passion "within the limits of a decorous amenity;" everywhere and always accepting the accepted, sanctifying the sanctified, declaring fearlessly for the Good, the Pure, and the True, and turning up a protective coat-collar against the wind of the new day that was springing up out of the dawn. A famous and duly buried critic who returns to earth for the sake of persuading us that the insipidities of Longfellow's one-half-of-one-per-cent are equivalent to the authentic brew of the gods, that the function of poetry is moral edification, and that Walt Whitman is a menace to be Viewed with Alarm, will find himself welcomed with open arms and flowing bowls of orangeade, and will discover that bourbonism is as immortal as himself. Even though his entertainers should feel that his particular brand of humorous and suave conventionality makes their own traditionalism seem superfluous and ineffective, they will not let him suspect it: for the Good, the Pure, and the True would surely vanish from the earth if their defenders were not constantly recruited—and a dead defender is more passionately to be desired than a live protestant who perversely insists that the Good, the Pure and the True are susceptible of eternally new and perturbing incarnations.

Mr. Mordell has resurrected a score of papers—essays, reviews, and "critical fragments"—contributed by Mr. Lowell to various magazines or delivered in the form of lectures before the Lowell Institute in the winter of 1855. They "represent the matured author," says Mr. Mordell, "as they were written between his thirty-sixth and fifty-seventh

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years," with the exception of the well-known essay on Poe that was reprinted in Griswold's edition of the poet after its original publication in *Graham's Magazine* for February, 1845. None of the other essays, with the exception of a few odds and ends, has appeared in book-form. The first five papers, delivered originally as lectures, were published in the *Century Magazine* during 1893-94. In these, Mr. Lowell discourses upon "The Function of the Poet"; "Humor, Wit, Fun, and Satire"; "The Five Indispensable Authors [Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, Shakespeare]"; "The Imagination"; "Life in Literature and Language"; Style and Manner"; "The Kalevala." The rest of the essays appeared anonymously during Lowell's lifetime in the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *Nation,* and the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Lowell was Editor of the *Atlantic* from 1857 to 1861, and of the REVIEW from 1864 to 1872. For the *Nation* he reviewed Henry James' *A Passionate Pilgrim* and *Transatlantic Sketches,* and Forster's *Life of Swift.* For the *Atlantic* he reviewed Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish* and Whittier's *Home Ballads;* and he wrote *A Plea for Freedom from Speech and Figures of Speech-Makers.* For the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW he discussed Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn,* Whittier's *In War-Time* and *Snow-Bound,* Howells' *Venetian Life,* Piatt's Poems, Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers,* and Plutarch's *Morals* (in the English translation edited by William W. Goodwin and prefaced by Emerson). The twenty essays make a fairly well-nourished volume of over two hundred pages. Notes by Charles Eliot Norton, recovered from the *Century* files of twenty-seven years ago, accompany several of the papers.

It is Mr. Mordell's opinion that the new volume "sustains Lowell's right to be considered one of the great American critics." There are assumptions and implications in that assertion which, at the moment, it is too hot to examine. But, granting all the assumptions, let us place our hand trustfully in Mr. Mordell's, and see what felicities and disclosures he can exhibit to us.

We find ourselves, with high anticipations, in the presence of the deliverance called "Style and Manner," which seems to have formed part of one of the Lectures; though Mr. Norton's customary Introduction is missing, and we

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are left shiveringly alone with the pitcher of ice-water, the New England audience, the New England winter night of 1855, and the Lecturer—even Mr. Mordell has deserted us, and is presumably in the wings swapping complexes with the fireman. Well, we, at least, know where intellectual largesse is to be dispensed; so we remain.

"Where Milton's style is fine, it is *very* fine." What is this? An undergraduate essay on *Paradise Lost?* A discovery made and triumphantly recorded by little Miss Jane Doe, of Miss Spence-Veltin's excellent school, that Milton, taking him by and large, *could* write, after all? We reflect: 1855 . . . Yes, Milton was still dead in 1855, dead enough for this matter to have been cleared up, even in New England. We encounter the name of Shakespere. "Did Shakespere have no style?" Mr. Lowell wonders. But his wonder is only momentary. Mr. Lowell is almost recklessly confident: "I think," he says, "I find the proof that he had it, and that of the very highest and subtlest kind, in the fact that *I can nowhere put my finger on it, and say it is here or there.*" Very good: Shakespere had style: Mr. Lowell, like General Ople, is blushingly delivered of this reluctant child of truth. But when it comes to finding and exhibiting instances of Shakespere's command of poetic style, Mr. Lowell "can nowhere put his finger on it." That is to say, confronted by passages such as—

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well

or—

Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath . .

or—

By paved fountain or by rushy brook . . .

or—

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought . . .

or—

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world . . .

—confronted by such manifestations as these, which, to the intelligence of the simple, would appear to be fairly clear and unmistakable demonstrations of the presence of poetic style, Mr. Lowell stubbornly refuses to recognize them, and, unable to "put his finger" on style such as this, presumably keeps it in his pocket or in the armhole of his waistcoat, as he passes haughtily by.

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But Mr. Lowell is far from denying what he calls "the charm of mere words"; "we cannot help recognizing," he concedes, "a certain power over our fancy in mere words"; yes—and "there is a charm in the arrangement of words, also." Forgetting to be reverent, you may, at this point, find yourself exclaiming in wonder: What nonsense is this? What is this eminent critical brain trying to say to us? That "the charm of mere words" is an accessory quality whose influence is to be politely conceded? "Mere words"! Mr. Lowell is, of course, struggling under the burden of that ancient moralistic delusion that poetry is something superior to, something beyond, something deeper than, "mere words": which logically requires that one should esteem Pope's

> Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
> O grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

because it enshrines an improving thought, and would turn one away from Blake's

> Bring me my bow of burning gold!
> Bring me my arrows of desire!

because, since it could not possibly find a place in any "Calendar of Helpful Thoughts," it cannot be poetry, but must be "mere words."

It is this dull and insensitive obsession that is, of course, at the root of Mr. Lowell's thesis in *The Function of the Poet:* the thesis that poetry, to be authentic, must teach and edify; that it must do something more than merely delight the aesthetic sense; that its highest excellence must reside in its matter and substance, rather than in its manner and style. We encounter again the absurd delusion that if poetry is lacking in weight and gravity of substance, its style and manner will suffer in consequence. Mr. Lowell believes in the sacerdotal function of the poet. The poet's "sacred duty" is to reveal and justify the ways of God to man—assuming, of course, that he can discover what they are. Grace and goodness, the fair, the noble, and the true: these things must be the burden of the poet's song. "The poets . . . always introduce us to a higher society." We are edified, uplifted, "made incapable of the low and mean and bad." Alas that poetry has not always made the poets themselves thus incapable of moral error! Alas that the poet, the source of all this spiritual gasolene, should often

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find himself stalled in the sinful dust of the primrose path! What Mr. Lowell and his generation seemed not to realize, apparently, was the simple and obvious truth that the quality of poetry as moral inspiration has nothing whatever to do with its quality as a satisfaction of the aesthetic sense. *Kubla Khan* is, we think it will be admitted, authentic poetry. Yet what does its "substance," its "matter," amount to? Nothing whatever. It is a mere "arrangement of words," a lovely pattern of rhythms and colors, a tonal fantasy.

According to Mr. Lowell's canon, these lines from Young's *Night Thoughts*—

> Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
> Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall

achieve a higher kind of poetic validity than such a thing as this—

> The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
> Like any hill-flower; and the noblest troth
> Dies here to dust . . .

which is frankly depressing in its ethical tone and has nothing to recommend it but supreme poetic beauty.

Aside from the reactions which we have thus far confessed, our chief memories of this astonishing book play about Mr. Lowell's calm characterization of Longfellow's *The Two Angels* as "a poem which, without [the last two stanzas], is *as perfect as anything in the language*"; his insistence that Longfellow is "a great poet"; and his troubled repudiation of the word *dresses*—which he was disturbed to find in Longfellow's verse—as "a word essentially unpoetic." . . . One of the cruelest pranks of Destiny, to our view, is the fact that James Russell Lowell was not permitted to live long enough to review the productions of his eminent kinswoman, who could make even dresses seem as "poetic" as Diana's flying veils.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

NATIONAL Conventions were held by the Republican and Democratic parties at the appointed times, respectively at Chicago and San Francisco. The former, after brief deliberation, discarded the leading candidates, both for and against whom some strong feeling had been manifested, and nominated a ticket heartily acceptable to all factions of the party:

For President, Warren G. Harding, Senator from Ohio;

For Vice-President, Calvin Coolidge, Governor of Massachusetts.

The Democratic convention had a more protracted session, marked with some bitter animosities, and did not effect a nomination for President until the forty-fourth ballot, when the party "bosses" forced the selection of the candidate who from the first had been their favorite and the leader of the field. The ticket at the end of a full week's contest, stood:

For President, James M. Cox, Governor of Ohio;

For Vice-President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

All four candidates being personally above criticism, controversial interest was centered upon the platforms. The chief contrast between them was in the planks relating to the League of Nations. The Democratic platform, dictated by President Wilson with the obvious purpose of making "a great and solemn referendum" on the League the foremost issue of the campaign, demanded the ratification of the Covenant of the League practically without the crossing of a *t* or dotting of an *i*, save possibly for addenda which would make more clear and emphatic the *obligations* incurred by the United States. The Republican plat-

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form, welcoming the issue, demanded cooperation among the free nations for the maintenance of peace on a basis of international law and justice, pledging the United States to perform its duties to humanity and civilization, from which it has never shrunk; but insisting that this nation, in its integrity and independence, must itself always be the judge of its own duties and of the manner in which they are to be performed, and inflexibly opposed the ratification of the Covenant of the League save with reservations which would effectively protect this nation in the exercise of such freedom and independence, and would maintain the supremacy in American affairs of the Constitution of the United States and the Monroe Doctrine. The question of the League of Nations, or rather of the terms upon which the United States should participate in the international affairs of the world, was thus by both platforms put forward as the paramount issue of the campaign.

The International Suffrage Alliance Congress at Geneva implicated the participation and the activities of many nations. No fewer than twenty-one were reported to have adopted equal suffrage for the sexes. Yet its net results are declared by some of its foremost members, especially from this country, to have been unsatisfactory and disappointing. A certain damper was doubtless thrown upon its proceedings by the failure of suffragists thus far to secure ratification of the suffrage amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The vote of just one State is lacking, and has long been lacking despite the utmost efforts to secure it. Since the two National conventions the matter has been thrown pretty completely into party politics, each party seeking to gain the prestige of having a State of its faith provide the lacking ratification. Both President Wilson and Governor Cox have made appeals to Democratic States to ratify the amendment, not on the ground of public welfare or of justice to women, but solely or chiefly on the ground of partisan advantage—of "duty to the party." A more unworthy ground of appeal in such a case it would be difficult to imagine, than thus to demand a radical modification of the fundamental law of the nation just for the sake of partisan advantage in the coming election. It is noteworthy that promptly upon the emission of that plea, the Legislatures of two Democratic

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States, with expressions of resentment, refused to ratify the amendment. Senator Harding, on the other hand, on being asked to exert pressure upon Republican States, replied that it would not be proper for him thus to attempt to dictate to any State, but that if his opinion were asked by any State he would frankly favor ratification. He said, however, not a word about party duty or party advantage, but obviously placed his advocacy of ratification on the preferable basis of right and public welfare. That was obviously the dignified and proper attitude to assume, and it seems not unlikely to be more effective than the partisan appeal of the President and his would-be successor.

A fine quality of both poetic justice and practical efficiency characterizes the course of the Powers in assigning to Greece the welcome task of disposing of the remains of the age-long Turkish problem. That will mean, apparently, not alone the extinction of Ottoman sovereignty in Europe but also its great reduction if not its destruction in Asia Minor. The Greek campaign in Anatolia has thus far been highly prosperous, and has already compassed the capture of Broussa, one of the two or three cities in all the world most cherished and venerated by the tribe of Othman. Founded at the suggestion of Hannibal, and for many years the capital of the Kings of Bithynia, it was seized by Othman himself and was the capital of the empire for forty years, under Orkhan and Amurath, until the latter achieved the conquest of Adrianople. Thus it was the first of the three capitals which the Ottoman Empire has had. The only one of the three now remaining in even nominal possession of the Turks is Constantinople, and the fate of Broussa may well be a writing on the wall predicting the ultimate and by no means remote disposition of that metropolis. If the Greeks succeed, as they bid fair to do, in winding up the business of the Turk in both Europe and Asia, it will be difficult indeed for anybody to resist their acquisition of the historic city on the Bosporus to which they, of all nations, have the best right. It was against the Greek Empire that the original attack of the Turks was directed. It will be well to have the reborn power of Greece administer the death stroke to the Unspeakable One.

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The conference of the Powers at Spa was noteworthy for the recognition which was there given to the German representatives as equals. Just a year before at Versailles they were segregated and caged, as though they were wild beasts, or at least members of an inferior and savage race. At Spa they were taken by the hand and treated much as though there had been no war in which Germany outlawed herself from civilization. That, however, was merely diplomatic courtesy. When the conference "came to grips" over disputed matters the Allies dictated to the Germans as ruthlessly and relentlessly as at Versailles. Mr. Lloyd George bluntly told them that he had no faith in their intentions to fulfil the treaty, and despite the pumped-up whining of the German Chancellor a peremptory ultimatum was given, to disband the army and disarm the people, in accord with the treaty, or take the consequences in the further occupation of German territory by Allied forces. The Germans completely stultified themselves by admitting that they had never seriously tried to fulfil those provisions of the treaty; which of course was no news to the Allies or to the world at large. They also made the absurd pretence that the Allies would have no right to occupy more of their land, even though they did not fulfil their treaty obligations; a characteristic German protest, which doubtless made rich appeal to Marshal Foch's sense of humor.

By striking coincidence the death of General Gorgas occurred simultaneously with a menacing outbreak of the plague in at least two of our Southern States. That distinguished soldier-sanitarian had lately added another great achievement to his record, by eliminating yellow fever from the Ecuadorean coast, as he had formerly done in Cuba and Panama, and by making Guayaquil for the first time in two centuries a safe place in which to live. He was also engaged in the Herculean task of ridding the South African mining region from pestilence, and was preparing in still other important directions to promote the ideal of his immortal exemplar, Pasteur, of causing all germ-produced diseases to vanish from the earth. Dying in England, he received such international mortuary honors as seldom have been given to men of less than sovereign rank. To others is left the work which he might have

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done, of combating and ultimately suppressing that pestilence which is appropriately called by no specific name but generically The Plague. In its three allied forms it has probably been by far the most deadly and destructive of all human maladies. Yet there is none more readily and more surely to be conquered, through the methods of which Pasteur was the first and greatest apostle, and General Gorgas was the most effective practitioner. The cases which have occurred in Florida and Texas appear all to have been of the bubonic type, which is the least formidable of the three, but which still calls for most prompt and energetic action if the country is to be saved from disaster.

Irish affairs go from bad to worse. Interest now centres not on what Parliament may enact, but on what the British army may do. What is practically a state of civil war prevails throughout the island, with formidable movements of troops and frequent and numerous loss of life. Sinn Fein has, moreover, set up a civil government which is said to be doing more business than the British Government in Ireland. It conducts judicial proceedings of all kinds, collects taxes, maintains police, and performs most of the domestic functions of government—facts which go much further toward entitling it to recognition than the more flamboyant proceedings upon which demands for recognition have generally been based; though of course there is no thought of recognition by any responsible power. Meantime Sir Horace Plunkett, probably the most unselfishly and intelligently patriotic man in Ireland, though one of the least appreciated, renews the wise suggestion of readjustment of Irish relations with Great Britain on a Dominion basis.

The new government in Mexico manifests an apparently sincere and intelligent desire to improve relations with the United States through a settlement of those economic questions which have been at the bottom of most of the trouble. The Provisional President makes it known that this country will have no cause to fear any of the confiscatory plans which were made by his predecessor, but that American property rights will be respected, and American investments will be adequately protected. That

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is, of course, all that can be asked. American investments in Mexican oil fields and railroads cannot give Americans sovereignty over that country. They must be subject to the sovereignty of the Mexican Government, and to the jurisdiction of Mexican laws and courts. All that we have a right to demand is that that government shall perform its normal duty of maintaining order and of protecting life and property, and that those laws and courts shall be equitable and impartial. A firm insistence upon such conditions of our Government would be immeasurably more fitting and more profitable than "watchful waiting" for a chance to meddle in Mexican domestic politics.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE HISTORY OF CUBA. By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A. M., L. H. D. New York: B. F. Buck & Company, Inc.

The significance of Cuba has been perhaps too little appreciated in the United States. Every schoolboy learns to think of the island as a principal source of tobacco and of sugar, as a land formerly disturbed by frequent revolutions, and as the scene of a great administrative achievement on the part of General Wood. Little more than this goes into the current idea. Yet Cuba is a country with a long and important history; its colonial annals are fraught with interest scarcely less than are those of the people of North America, and like them, embody the growth of a national spirit and a persistent struggle for independence. The list of Cuban great men includes the names of soldiers, statesmen, men of letters, of which any land might be proud. Cuban resources are far more extensive and varied than the average resident of the United States imagines. Perhaps no other territory of equal extent has a history so vitally interesting to Americans as has Cuba—a history closely connected at various points with that of our own country, yet independent of it and quite individual; a history not merely of a land but of a people, culminating in the creation of a nation.

It is a matter for rejoicing that the story of Cuba has at last been written in English by so competent a historian as Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson. Dr. Johnson has looked at the facts, it may be said, from a Cuban point of view, and at the same time with a sense of proportion that is continental and international. He has produced not merely a manifesto of Cuban patriotism, nor on the other hand, a coldly detached compilation of facts, but a true national record. No one can read his sympathetic yet impartial account without becoming impressed with the fact that in Cuba there exists a live, progressive community, with much cohesion and with many noble traditions, a community that is rapidly passing out of the experimental stage in government, and that promises, by reason of the quality of its people and the many advantages bestowed upon it by nature, to make no small contribution to civilization.

The early settlers in the island, it should be noted, were of the best Spanish stock. Rugged pioneers, men of masterful spirit, came from the rude, half sterile province of Estremadura, while enterprising people from rich and cultured Seville brought the elements of government and of social grace and intellectual power the effects of which are somewhat conspicuous throughout Cuban history. At a later date, after the revolution in San Domingo, French emigrants from the

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latter country became a valuable factor in the population of Cuba. Thus the island profited not only through the law that new countries are generally settled by persons of sturdy physique and active minds, but through other causes as well.

Such being the origin of the Cuban people, one naturally desires an explanation of certain facts which may make the Cubans seem to have been relatively unprogressive, and which no doubt have brought some such reproach upon them in the opinion of foreigners. Why did Cuba, misgoverned as she was, remain for centuries "the ever faithful isle"? Is it altogether due to the climate that Cubans in the past have appeared indolent?

The answers that Dr. Johnson supplies to these queries are illuminating, and help to give one a real insight into the growth of Cuban national character. Absentee landlordism was largely responsible for the failure to develop fully the resources of the colony. Habitual indifference to the morrow was a perfectly natural condition among a people who lacked opportunity to market their products and to get into touch with the outside world. The people of Cuba were, moreover, for centuries the victims of official repression and paternal regulation on the part of the Spanish Government. As for the other count, that of long-continued and willing dependence upon Spain, the reasons that explain this state of mind are equally convincing. Because of her insular position, Cuba was shut off from the influence and cooperation of the other Spanish-American colonies, and for the same reason was at an enormous disadvantage in any revolutionary undertaking. Besides this, the Cubans of the old stock retained an unusually large measure of that chivalric loyalty to Spain which was natural to the breed. "To this day," remarks the author, "the contrast between Cubans and the people of any other Latin-American state is obvious and unmistakable." Finally, during the generation preceding the South and Central-American revolt, Cuba had been treated by Spain with marked favor.

Another influence that helps one to understand the course of Cuban history and the mental characteristics of the people is what may be called the inverse order of the growth of political thought in the island. In Cuba the international point of view came before the national. For a long time the country was but a pawn in the international game. It actually passed at one time from Spanish to British possession, and its inhabitants could not but see that it was likely at almost any time to pass permanently into the hands of some other Power than Spain. "These circumstances," declares Dr. Johnson, "had a marked effect upon the whole genius of the Cuban people. It gave them international vision before they had learned to discern themselves even as a potential nation. It gave them a degree of cosmopolitanism such as few comparable colonies have ever known."

Thus, by interpretative passages Dr. Johnson continually guards against the misunderstanding of Cuban history by North American readers and constructs, in effect, a kind of philosophical framework for a narrative rich in interesting details.

It is the growth of national feeling under circumstances seemingly adverse to it and strange to North American experience which most

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strongly holds the interest. People of the stock that proved its loyalty to Spain were equally resolute in their support of Cuban independence when that cause became as clearly defined as did the issue between England and the Thirteen Colonies. From the date when Ferdinand VII. repudiated the constitution he had sworn to support, a steady strengthening in the sentiment of nationality is observable. The reader who follows Dr. Johnson's painstaking and accurate account of successive Spanish administrations in the island and his analysis of Cuban conditions and problems will find himself gaining, even at this comparatively early stage of the narrative, a greatly broadened conception of the Cuban people and a livelier sympathy with their aspirations. Those insurrections which follow cannot be regarded as in any degree the result of mere political restlessness. The ideal of freedom is present from the beginning; there is a protest against real grievances, an outraged sense of justice, a longing for independence that soon becomes deep-seated and traditional. The disinterestedness of such men as Narcisco Lopez, the organizer of the unsuccessful revolt of 1851, or José Marti, the leading spirit of the War of Independence, is remarkable. Lopez was a genuine martyr to freedom; Marti is described as "many times a genius—organizer, economist, poet, statesman, tribune of the people, apostle of freedom, above all, Man." The record of Antonio Maceo seems fully to justify the author's estimate of him as "a commander who, in personal valor, in strategic skill, in resource, in resolution, in knowledge of the art of war, and in all the elements of military greatness, was worthy to be ranked among the great captains of all lands and of all time." If a cause is to be judged by the calibre and character of the men who support it, then certainly that of Cuban independence is worthy of all respect.

From the beginning of the Ten Years' War in 1868 to the victorious close of the War of Independence in 1898, the Cuban effort for independence was unremitting. Even without American intervention, this effort, thinks Dr. Johnson, must in the end have been successful—an opinion which the facts related throughout a large part of his narrative strongly tend to confirm. By the beginning of 1898, five successive Captains-General had proved unable to conquer the Cuban people. No fewer than 52,000 Spanish soldiers had lost their lives in battle or from disease, 47,000 had been returned to Spain disabled, 42,000 were in hospitals unfit for duty, while only 70,000 regulars and 16,000 irregulars kept up the hopeless struggle. Over a much larger extent of the island than was under the control of the Spanish administration, the revolutionary organization exercised the functions of government.

The verdict must be that the Cuban people fairly won their independence; nor is there any foundation for the theory that the leaders of the people timed the revolt so as to defeat the beneficial effect of Spain's last and most promising effort at conciliation. On this, as on all other critical points, the author's discussion is thorough and decisive. The Abarzuza law came too late, and was wholly unsatisfactory to the mass of the Cuban people at the time when it was promulgated. In the Council which it provided for, there was certain to be a constant majority subservient to the Crown. Advocates of Cuban

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independence were not called into consultation over the bill, though other Cubans were, and the former would in fact have refused to enter into conference concerning it. For two years preceding, it had been made perfectly plain that nothing would satisfy the Cuban people except complete separation from Spain, and preparations for revolution had been made long before the passage of the measure.

That the blowing-up of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana was the cause of American intervention in Cuba, no well-informed person now believes. Dr. Johnson's discussion of this point is but a part of that thorough consideration of the relations between the United States and Cuba which runs through his narrative. An interesting forecast of the relationship between the two countries is seen in the participation of Colonial troops, especially from Connecticut and New Jersey, in the British conquest of Cuba in 1762. On the whole, the author's account of Cuban-American affairs, taken in connection with the story of Cuba's internal development and with the general international situation, reveals a consistency in the attitude of the United States toward Cuba that escapes the superficial reader of history.

Much has been written of the work of General Wood as Military Governor of Santiago and afterwards as Governor of the whole island. In Dr. Johnson's account of Wood's administration we have at last a well-considered historical estimate of Wood's administration from a point of view at once Cuban and American. "There might, it is true," writes the author, "have been found some other man who as a soldier would have pacified the island and would have held it firmly in the grasp of peace. There might have been found a sanitarian and physician who would free the island of pestilence. There were financiers who might have placed its fiscal interests on a sound basis. There were statesmen who could have supervised and directed its general governmental affairs, both domestic and foreign. But there was need that all these qualities should be combined in and all these activities should be performed by one man." The favorable estimate implied in the foregoing passage is confirmed and relieved of any possible suspicion of mere eulogy by the detailed narrative which follows.

Several more or less mooted points in regard to the Wood administration are discussed, moreover, in a manner that seems to place them beyond the reach of further criticism. Was the school system of Cuba too elaborate and costly? While the cost was naturally much higher during the first year than it was afterwards, it was in fact, Dr. Johnson proves, "much lower than the cost of education in those parts of the United States where the schools were efficient and the educational system was creditable." A glaring fallacy of the critics was that of comparing Cuba specifically with the Southern States. "In endowing Cuba with a school system, it would have been indecent for the United States to take for the standard its own poorest and most discreditable systems." Was too little spent upon public works? In regard to this question, two important facts must be borne in mind: first, that the granting of franchises and concessions during the American occupation had been wisely prohibited; secondly, that the most urgent work was that connected with sanitation and with the renovation of prisons and other public buildings—the cleansing of the Augean Stables had to come before almost everything else.

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Cuban experience in self-government is fully described and analyzed by Dr. Johnson, whose attitude toward the conduct of the new republic is neither patronizing, nor unduly laudatory. Quite impartial and not afraid to make distinctions between Cuban parties, he characterizes the failure of the American Commission headed by Taft to support President Palma at the crisis in the latter statesman's political career as marking an "astounding and unworthy attitude"; and while he gives proper credit for the work accomplished by the Magoon administration, he deprecates, upon apparently sufficient grounds, the undue preponderance given to the Cuban liberal party and the filling up of important offices with liberal placeholders during that régime. On the whole, he gives a clear and compendious view of the general political situation in Cuba and affords no little insight into the peculiarities of Cuban party politics.

The fifth and last volume of Dr. Johnson's history contains a full and authoritative account of the natural resources of Cuba—an account verified by the Cuban Bureau of Information and sanctioned by the Cuban Secretary of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor. This volume is itself a work of major importance, containing a wealth of knowledge presented not only in a manner that fully develops the general interest of the facts, but with such detail and precision as to satisfy those in search of practical guidance. The exporter, the investor, the farmer and home-seeker will all find here trustworthy and often surprising information of great usefulness.

Dr. Johnson's full, authoritative, and correctly emphasized history of the Cuban people, and his eye-opening account of Cuban resources and opportunities, make his work not only a valuable archive or work of reference, but also a treatise of vital interest and importance to the people of this country.

"THAT DAMN Y." By Katherine Mayo. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Katherine Mayo went to France on the invitation of the head of the Overseas Y in Paris, to tell the American public, in print, how the Y was using American trust money. She went with a healthy prejudice. Instinctively, her spirit rebelled against what she took for "hard, cold religiosity—a lot of rich old women, male and female, with nasty minds, tying strings to their dollars and buying cheap hypocrites to play watchdog against live and wholesome pleasures in mausoleums to unburied cant." Certainly prejudice could hardly be expressed with greater vehemence and point. Those who happen not to like the idea of Y. M. C. A. work may thus feel sure from the outset that the author understands (though she has outgrown) their point of view, while those who are without any special feeling in the matter may rightly expect throughout the narrative a frankness and verve matching the quality of this initial confession.

On the other side, Miss Mayo's prejudice quickly gave way not to undiscriminating enthusiasm, but to a feeling of solidarity with those who were carrying on the most tremendous piece of welfare work ever attempted by Americans, a work that made men forget their preconceived ideas and gain new conceptions of human relationships and

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duty, a work which, though it happened to be carried on by a particular organization, really called quite simply for the best that America had to give in the way of brain work and heart work.

Miss Mayo's narrative is of many-sided interest; in style it is both sprightly and intense; it expresses deep feeling and at the same time shows an extraordinary grasp of facts, figures, situations. It resolves itself, indeed, into a series of sharp attacks upon indifference, mental and spiritual stodginess—the sort of thing that habit makes most of us guilty of. Every sentence, stinging, appealing, or probative, makes its impression. Thus, the book is not so much a justification of the Overseas Y (though it is that, too) as a concrete setting forth of men's real spiritual needs and an effort to pass on to stay-at-homes the new sense of opportunity and responsibility that came to the war workers.

An acute sense of character has helped the author greatly in the writing of her book. Lively and convincing estimates abound throughout the story, estimates based upon sympathy, practical judgment, and appreciation of real work. Carter, the key man, the genius of the whole undertaking, an American whose services in India so won the confidence of the British Government that it removed obstacle after obstacle from his path, stands out almost as a new kind of great man. A long series of interesting and noble figures, men and women who possessed or developed in themselves extraordinary ability for welfare work, passes before one's eyes. All this is necessary, for the work of the Y was, in the nature of things, individual, calling for all the worker's iniative, courage, and personal resource.

It is impressed upon the reader that the work demanded the services of the very best and ablest men and women that America could send. To fill the higher posts Carter kept calling for men of the calibre of Vanderlip and Schwab. A creditable number of the best sort answered the call. But there is another side to the picture. The Y gave openings to talents of all sorts, and often revealed unexpected qualities. Readers of this volume will not soon forget the anecdote of the anti-tobacco fanatic, who, being obliged to dispense cigarettes to the soldiers, did so with a wry face and with many a sour admonition. It so happened that this austere moralist had to hand out smokes to the wounded as they were brought back from the front. When his matches were all but gone, he used the last to light a cigarette which he placed betwen his own lips, and thereafter he kept the spark burning in order that he might be able to give each wounded man a "light." Here was a change of heart indeed!

Miss Mayo gives one also what is probably one's first nearly adequate conception of the vast and varied work carried on by the Y as an organization. It was work done under disheartening difficulties. When the Y took over the army canteen, it was stipulated and agreed to by the army, first, that the Y should be granted a certain regular amount of tonnage for transportation, and second, that the army should operate no rival canteens. Neither of these pledges was, or indeed could be, kept. It was war; and the Y, prohibited from explaining to the men it served the true cause of its seeming inefficiency, loyally shouldered the burden of discredit. Much of the criticism directed against the organization was, moreover, simply absurd in the light of

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conditions that might have been known to the critics, or have been appreciated by them with a little thought. It was due, generally, to the failure to understand crying needs—for instance the need of the soldiers for dancing and for the companionship of good women, or the necessity of Y work in the cities for the protection of the health and the morals of our boys.

And what was the actual accomplishment? The entire book answers that question, but a few significant estimates may be quoted. Says Mr. Francis E. Powell, head of the Standard Oil Company's interests in Great Britain, "The fact is, we built up in France in a year an organization equal to that which it took the Standard Oil Company twelve years to build up in Great Britain, and the Standard could never have had the perfect organization that they now have if they had been obliged to change their best men every six months." The author herself sums up as follows: "With forty per cent of the required personnel, with forty per cent of the required ocean tonnage, with thirty per cent of the land transportation required for a covering job, *the Y performed ninety per cent of all the welfare work done overseas for the best-served army in the war.*"

Miss Mayo's book is almost bewildering by reason of the variety and largeness of the interesting topics that it treats, and because of the intensity of expression which constantly spurs attention and gives no rest to the reader who likes the restfulness of habitual ideas. No reader can help being impressed, however, with two thoughts—the need of disinterested service in war (not to say, also, in peace), and the combination of powerful organization with individual enthusiasm that is required for the successful carrying-out of such work on a really worth-while scale.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF PANAMA. By Philippe Bunau-Varilla. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

When a child of eleven years, Philippe Bunau-Varilla "witnessed with teeth set and fists clinched," the collapse of France in 1870-71. Fifteen years later, he became the chief engineer of the Panama Canal, the financial failure of which undertaking in French hands seemed to be a reproach upon the nation. Two ambitions have ruled his life: the one, "to see France washing the slate of history with Prussian blood"; the other, to see French genius and enterprise justified by the completion of the Panama Canal. He has lived to realize both desires, and to the realization of each he has contributed his whole strength. Fighting bravely at Verdun, he lost his right leg from above the knee. But for him, it is more than doubtful that the United States would have selected Panama as the route for the inter-oceanic canal. Now he has written a book connecting the two passions of his life in a striking manner.

In effect, M. Bunau-Varilla maintains two closely related theses, to each of which a great deal of weight must be allowed.

In the first place, France and civilization owed their salvation primarily to two things: the "75" gun and the Panama Canal. French genius produced the "75," and French wit completely misled those German spies who were on the look-out for the new invention. But

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German cunning, by obtaining a practical monopoly of the materials necessary for high explosives nearly deprived France of the advantage which she actually gained. Panama saved the situation. It revived American regard for France, it led Germany into operations in the Carribean which opened the eyes of the United States to the true character of that nation, and it provided a means for the nitrates of Chile to reach the battlefields of France. During the war America furnished France with a quantity of ammunition sufficient for firing about 250,000,000 shots with the "75" gun; the Canal gave passage to more than seven and a half billion pounds of nitrates.

In the second place it was German intrigue which prevented the ratification by Colombia of the Canal treaty. In the part of the narrative dealing with this matter, one is not to expect a well-documented exposé. Nevertheless, the author's reasoning, pieced out by what we now know of German methods, is plausible in a high degree; and, as M. Bunau-Varilla remarks, it is possible to detect the smell of the serpent even when his trail is scarcely visible. The outstanding fact is that the Colombians obviously expected that the Canal would be built on terms more advantageous to them than those offered by the United States; the scheme for a strictly Colombian Canal was plainly camouflage, since only a great Power could successfully undertake the work, and the only Power except the United States which had at that time the ability and the motive to attempt such a thing was Germany. The nearly contemporary German activities in Venezuela enable one to see the outlines of a plot with fair distinctness. The evidence is perhaps strong enough to guide policy if not to be received as history.

At all events, it was fortunate for the world that M. Bunau-Varilla, inspired by his two ruling passions, acted just as he did. The story of how he influenced the choice for Panama as against Nicaragua, and of how he subsequently, by the exercise of the most delicate judgment, assured the success of the revolution is more interesting than are most novels of the intensely plotted kind. More than once the great result which, on the highest grounds and with the greatest foresight, he was laboring to bring about might have been defeated by a slight turn of circumstances, a momentary want of nerve or resource. A characteristic and entertaining bit is the story of how the author offset Nicaraguan propaganda by means of a postage stamp. Official documents had been produced to show that the volcanoes of Nicaragua were harmless if not altogether extinct, and hence that the canal would not be exposed to the danger of earthquakes or like disasters; but the Nicaraguan postage stamp, showing a volcano in full eruption proved a more effective official document than anything that could be brought forward on the other side. Again, if M. Bunau-Varilla had not calculated on slight, though to a keen mind conclusive, evidence that a United States war ship would arrive at the Isthmus on a certain day, and if he had not had the courage to treat his inference as a fact, the revolutionists in Panama would not have dared to take the necessary steps in time.

There is perhaps more rhetoric than evidence in certain parts of this narrative; yet it would not be surprising if evidence as yet uncovered should sometime confirm nearly all of the author's opinions. If the emphasis repeatedly laid upon the effect of the building of the

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canal upon Franco-American relations seems somewhat disproportionate, we must give at least fair consideration to a point of view urged by one having intimate and personal knowledge of the feeling in both countries. Few fact stories, it may be said in conclusion, tell so clearly as does this of M. Bunau-Varilla's just how things were done and what motives actuated the doers.

THE FOOLISH LOVERS. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

To the public of Dickens and Thackeray, one thinks, a story like *The Foolish Lovers* would have been rather uninteresting; it would not have seemed robust enough either in idea or in sentiment. To the taste of to-day it is highly acceptable. It is, in fact, one of the best of that type of novel, notable for artistic reality and for sensitive humanity, which has been developed in the struggle between romance and photographic realism. Modern taste hardly asks for anything really better than such a suave and frank, sympathetically critical and wisely humorous treatment of life as is found in this book. Its tone just suits the mood of the cultivated man or woman of today who has outgrown youthful tastes but has retained a certain independence of view-point. Many of our best novels nowadays are simply modest and pleasing studies of life, with a good deal of an author's quick observation and unusual personality in them. It is probable that a story like *The Foolish Lovers* represents much more truly the actual literary mind of the time than does the work of the intellectually restless radicals or that of the emotionally restless, the ever-protesting and experimenting, realistic-romantics.

The people in *The Foolish Lovers* are all, more than anything else, like the folks we know—not one seems the least bit artificial;—yet each has his own distinctive characteristics and his very real *numen*, his inviolable personality, so that what happens to him must arouse genuine, though slight, emotion. "Uncle Matthew," the romantic dreamer, though not strikingly original, is not like any other romantic dreamer one has ever known or read about; and "Uncle William" is a triumph in the way of a commonplace character who isn't really commonplace. There is a great deal of what used to be called "the mystery of womanhood" about Eleanor" along with just an ordinary, practical mind and nice instincts. All the persons of the story experience things in their own way—not in your way or mine or Mr. Ervine's. So the narrative always has freshness, and in the whole picture there is a commendable "unity in variety."

John MacDermott is a bit different from the rest. This young man, with a trace of Barry Lyndon in his make-up and a good deal of naive youthfulness, might have been, perhaps, a genius or a leader. But his unusual gift seems to have exhausted itself in an original wooing; and after writing mediocre plays and novels in the course of a journalistic experience in London, he found that the more excellent way was to return to his native town of Ballyards in Ulster and to go to work in his uncle's general store. Of course, his wife had a good deal to do with the decision; but even apart from this very natural factor, John MacDermott turns out to be of much more

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account as a human being than as a genius or as a scion of the proud MacDermott stock—and herein precisely lies his appeal.

What one unconsciously craves in a novel is the discovery of people who are really uncommon—not simply different or extreme. Of course, what one would really like would be a new Shakespeare or Homer, or even a new Scott or Dickens, provided these latter could shake off the old conventions and adopt the new. It is scarcely too much to say that acquaintance with Falstaff, Pickwick, or even Alan Breck, prolongs life. Reflective novels, like *The Foolish Lovers,* do not communicate vigor, as the old stories did or seemed to do. But that is about all that can be said against Mr. Ervine's sound and pleasant story. In charm and in acuteness—the two qualities generally most worth commending in the fiction of the day, in which hysteria is so apt to take the place of power—*The Foolish Lovers* is pre-eminent.

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